

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Meeting Chief Justice Meredith the other day, I mentioned the rumors I had heard about him retiring from the Bench and re-entering politics. Getting no satisfaction except a pleasant but rather quizzical smile as a result of the gentle pumping process, I asked him directly: "Is there any truth in these rumors?"

"None at all," he replied.  
"Then you do not intend to retire from the Bench?" I persisted.

"I do not," said he, and then began to talk about the weather.

Chief Justice Meredith is not a very easy man to cross-examine, though an exceedingly pleasant conversationalist. However, I am glad to know that he is not going into politics again and that he approves of the weather. He is looking exceedingly well.

One of the sketches in Ian MacLaren's last book, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, pictures the mental struggle of an old Drumtochty farmer who has to choose between his kirk and his holding. The holding of Burnbrae had been in the Baxter family for seven generations, and the pious and amiable member of the Free Kirk and his wife Jean loved it well. The sweet Scottish dialect always reaches my sympathies, but the pathos of this little story must come doubly home to every one who at any time has been forced to elect between principle and self-interest, or to choose duty on one hand or obey the promptings of affection or long established habit on the other. Of course the Drumtochty farmer did his duty, for no Scotchman can be bullied from his kirk. In the end, as in all proper stories, virtue triumphed and right-doing was rewarded. Probably there is no adult reader of *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* but will be able to recall some crisis in his or her life where the choosing was difficult enough, though it may not have been so heart-rending as it was to Baxter of Burnbrae and his wife Jean. After reading the story I began to wonder if this generation is not falling away from the stern principles and almost undeviating faithfulness of the old stock. Circumstances of course are altogether different. In the old days the people were permanently divided by lines which were so strongly drawn that a man was forced to be on one side or the other and stay there. The Whig who turned Tory or the Covenanter who yielded to the Established church could never again hope to be spoken of by the abandoned section as aught but a traitor. Men were not expected to be convinced either by force or logic; their part was to prove faithful, no matter how their leaders might err or how false and fickle their kings and princes might prove. They had few if any newspapers to enlighten them as to the doings at court or in parliament, on the battlefield or in diplomatic circles. Their news was brought to them by their leaders, colored to suit the cause, or information was withheld altogether if a purpose were suited better so.

The changes from that time to this have come gradually; every generation has found the average man better educated as to general knowledge and better informed as to political affairs. Nowadays every child in Canada, except probably in remote settlements or where the priests rule in Quebec, has ample opportunities to learn to read and write and to keep thoroughly posted as to the conduct of those who are prominent in politics. Consequently it would be folly to either demand or expect that unreasoning and oftentimes unreasonable fidelity to names and leaders which stirs one so strangely when we find it in stories of the past. Every man nowadays is more or less his own leader; he has a right to constitute himself a party of one, and it speaks but little for the independence of the average character that there is even yet so much slavish adherence to old cries and worn-out names. At one time it was held to be disgraceful to change one's religion, but nowadays a man can leave the Methodists and join the Presbyterians, or abandon the Baptists and become an Anglican, or change from the Church of England to the Unitarians, or unite with the Swedenborgians without exciting any scandal. The old line, still sharply drawn between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies, however, is difficult to cross either way, and the excitement caused by a change from one to the other of either of these large bodies may serve very well as an indication of the feeling aroused when a man changed in the olden days from Whig to Tory, or left the Anglicans to join the Dissenters.

If, however, it is no longer expected of a man to adhere so firmly to his religious or political faction, it is, sad to say, also true that neither factions nor individuals are expected to be faithful to their principles. The false liberality which is every day making it easier for men to change their party or religious names, is also finding ready excuse for men to abandon principle altogether. Indeed, if either be more disgraceful nowadays it is for a man to change his political name and allegiance. As long as he maintains outwardly his party connection he may be absolutely opposed to his confederates in opinion, and in his preferences as to a policy; or he may have abandoned prin-

ciple altogether, or decency altogether, and yet not excite comment of a political sort. Does it not seem that the changes that have unsettled us have left almost nothing of the old faithful-unto-death loyalty to principle, and that the only scrap of the old-fashioned clansman's pride that remains is a prejudice against changing party names?

Just now there must be several score politicians who are considered more or less leaders of public opinion in Canada, that are questioning themselves as to where they will stand with regard to remedial legislation, and but few of them, I will warrant, are much concerned as to whether the proposed legislation is right or wrong. What is worrying the vast majority of them is how to dodge the issue; how to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; how to play Mr. Two-face; how to crawl under or climb over. If you or I were to find a man sitting in solemn thought by the wayside and were to question him as to the perplexing problem that

of his experience. Unfortunately for Toronto it cannot always appreciate Ald. Bates and the immensity of his ideas. He is in favor of the Georgian Bay ship canal, and if he and his friends had their way, so they tell us, or even got a wink of encouragement, sixty-five or a hundred or two hundred million dollars would be immediately spent digging the ditch, when every workman in Toronto might have a propeller, or a whaleback, or at least a six-masted schooner stop at his door every morning to take him off to work. A hundred or a hundred and fifty million dollars is but a trifle to Ald. Bates, when other people's money and employment for the workmen and glory for himself are to be considered. Of course the city has not this much money to spare, and Ald. Bates only has it in his mind, but he knows a man who knows another man, who has seen a man who knows another man who has actually spoken with a man who is not only willing but anxious to spend this or any other known or unknown amount just as Ald. Bates and his friends direct. The bona

Ald. Bates returned, deeply laden with an idea that is to revolutionize the municipal government of Toronto and ensure the moral health of its inhabitants. The idea was fully presented to the Methodist ministers of this city at the regular fortnightly meeting held on Monday last, and naturally enough received their hearty endorsement. If Ald. Bates is re-elected—and he must be whether he asks it or not—we will not only have the Georgian Bay ship canal running through all our backyards, but we will have a CURFEW BELL which shall be rung as directed by a joint committee of the Methodist Ministerial Association, Ald. Bates and the directors of the Georgian-Bay-Ship-Canal-Aqueduct-Water-Supply-Electric-Generating-Hydraulic-Pneumatic Company (Unlimited—except by the imagination). It is understood that Ald. Bates is to be left largely in charge of ringing the bell, upon his agreement to have the driver of his hearse attend to it without charge when not otherwise engaged. This will simplify the affairs of Toronto to such an ex-

to five minutes in the case of aged or rheumatic people in whom Ald. Bates has confidence that the extra two minutes will not be utilized for getting into mischief. Trains approaching or leaving the city when the curfew rings will be forced to stop at the corporation line, and no one is to be permitted to come in or go out until Ald. Bates rings the bell in the morning. Should Ald. Bates oversleep himself it will give a much needed rest to the workmen, to whose cause he is devoted, and their pay shall go on the same as if no accident had happened. People caught in the public street after the ringing of the bell will be thrown into dungeons under the sidewalk, specially prepared for such culprits. Children must not cry, nor dogs bark, nor mosquitoes buzz after the curfew rings, and all that will be necessary to keep animals and child-life as absolutely quiet as the subjects of his business-like attention, will be the mere awestruck whisper, anywhere within their hearing, of the words, "Ald. Bates is coming!" Surely there is no child or dog with sense enough to be worth keeping around a house that would not hush up rather than see or hear any more of Ald. Bates.

The usual number of so-called independent papers are beginning, as the general elections approach, to urge the Manitoba Government to make some compromise in the matter of their school bill. Dreadful things are predicted unless Premier Greenway yields to the Church, which, in alliance with the Dominion Government, is endeavoring to force the Prairie Province to abandon its position. Again it is the old cry of compromise; again and again comes the clamor for peace at any price. This weeping and wailing and wetting of one another's necks with weak tears has been the programme of so many of those who have endeavored to resist the encroachments of the Roman Catholic church in civil matters, that one is led to distrust the courage and the principles of those who yield even a hair's breadth in such matters. Where the Church is in the minority it has always pursued the policy of demanding in the name of religion and right and justice, concessions which should never be granted. In case of refusal a great row is created by the Church and the air is filled with lamentations, heart-broken accents of forgiveness and broken prayers that the hearts of the majority may be softened. Then the Protestants are accused of kicking up the row, of being intolerant, of being bigots who would if they dared, spill the blood of the poor, down-trodden minority. Then the weak-backed, wabble-legged people who try to parade themselves as peacemakers, begin to implore their neighbors to yield something for the sake of peace, and politicians to deny that what is asked amounts to much. The preachers become generous and the newspapers finally slide into line and advocate half-measures—which, by the way, are more than the Church expected to obtain when they started the fracas. Out of these episodes all those opposed to the concessions emerge like whipped dogs; the Church is on top and points out to its adherents that another great victory has been won over the devil and his angels; fetters are fastened more firmly on those who have to obey their spiritual fathers or be presumably left to suffer in purgatory. Little by little the Church has worked this scheme in Canada and elsewhere, and the present "calming" down of popular opinion in the Manitoba school matter it is hoped by the hierarchy will result in their obtaining more than they expected in the compromise. For my part I would be willing to see all the monks and friars, the priests and bishops, preachers and pastors in Canada go barefooted up to the North Pole and march around it, offering maledictions on me personally and consigning the immortal part of me to whatever region they saw fit, and march back again ringing bells all the way, rather than abate one jot or tittle in my firm belief, constitution or no constitution, confederation or no confederation.

If the constitution is wrong, make it right rather than go on doing wrong in its name. If we can't have Confederation with principles, let us have principles without Confederation! No religious freedom ever grew out of peace, no liberty ever came without what has practically been a revolution. Then are we to sacrifice what we have gained in the struggles of the past in order to please the hierarchy and some spineless politicians now?

The Church should be taught to leave civil matters alone. In order to teach them this, Manitoba should be encouraged to fight the thing out, and men who pretend to be opposed to church rule in temporal affairs, who vote for a remedial order of any sort, should be kicked out of public life if possible. This may be a simple and somewhat brutal code; we may as well divest the matter of fine words, for the people are sick unto death of sugared phrases and insincerity.

If we are going to give the Church all they want and let them boss the job in this country, let us yield it to them at once; they have got now nearly everything they could possibly ask for. If we are in the humor to do any more compromising let us finish it up and compro-



THE LEGEND OF THE ROCK.

he was trying to work out, would it not be surprising to be informed that he was trying to decide whether to walk upright like a man or crawl on his belly, as is the habit of reptiles? Yet, politically, this is the problem that is knotting up the alleged brains of the majority of those who expect to be candidates at the coming elections. They are perplexed as to what their political attitude should be. The Members of Parliament who have judge-ships or senatorships, or appointments to public office in their pockets, do not need to worry themselves as to their choice. They have already determined that they will crawl upon their bellies like things, for they know that that is the way to reach office and emoluments. Each elector has this same choice to make, and his self-respect and the future of the country are both at stake. The man who desires to be certain of the continuance of advantages that the present fiscal policy gives him, but who believes that remedial legislation would be tyrannical and a curse to the country, must "choose between his farm and his kirk," and I'm afraid the farm will no get the worst of it.

Ald. Bates has a great mind. He has been proprietor of this mind for a considerable time, but the fact that he had more brain power than he could profitably use for domestic purposes and in the undertaking business was apparently not brought to his notice until a couple of years ago. Becoming aware that he had mind to spare, he determined to devote his leisure as devoutly to the living as he did his business hours to the dead. Determining that Toronto should have the benefit of his efforts in both directions, he became an alderman instead of a senator or a missionary, and if this city has not been laid out properly by Undertaker Bates it certainly is not the fault

of his experience. Unfortunately for Toronto it cannot always appreciate Ald. Bates and the immensity of his ideas. He is in favor of the Georgian Bay ship canal, and if he and his friends had their way, so they tell us, or even got a wink of encouragement, sixty-five or a hundred or two hundred million dollars would be immediately spent digging the ditch, when every workman in Toronto might have a propeller, or a whaleback, or at least a six-masted schooner stop at his door every morning to take him off to work. A hundred or a hundred and fifty million dollars is but a trifle to Ald. Bates, when other people's money and employment for the workmen and glory for himself are to be considered. Of course the city has not this much money to spare, and Ald. Bates only has it in his mind, but he knows a man who knows another man, who has seen a man who knows another man who has actually spoken with a man who is not only willing but anxious to spend this or any other known or unknown amount just as Ald. Bates and his friends direct. The bona

Like all great men, Ald. Bates is unwilling to go down to posterity as merely the backer of a great scheme. He is determined to be the originator of something that shall not be forgotten, but as he had heard that there is nothing entirely new under the sun except the Georgian Bay ship canal, he has sent his great mental forces out on long and expensive expeditions in search of something so old that the revival of it would at once prove his undaunted courage and gigantic mental grasp. After painful journeys, hairbreadth escapes and marvelous explorations in medieval ages, the mental forces of Ald. Bates after having crossed a river the name of which is not now laid down on the maps, reached a remote hamlet, and while waiting for a dromedary to convey them to Thebes, dallied for a while at a tea-meeting where they heard a young girl recite Curfew Shall not Ring To-night. Further journeys were unnecessary, and the mental forces of

tent that no further civic reform movement, or mayor or aldermen in fact, will be necessary for centuries. Though it is still somewhat indefinite as to what the citizens of Toronto are to do or leave undone before, during or after the ringing of the curfew bell, these trifling matters of detail can be safely left to Ald. Bates as a committee of one, with power to add to or subtract from the number. It is generally understood, however, that the principal ringing of the bell is to be between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the exact moment to be decided by the convenience, at the time, of Ald. Bates. If he is a little sleepy and desires to retire early, he will probably ring it last thing before going to bed, even if that event takes place at eight o'clock, but it is well understood that the tolling of the moral mentor shall under no circumstances be deferred after nine o'clock p.m. according to Ald. Bates' watch. As was remarked before, the exact duty of the citizen, old and young, male or female, at the moment of the ringing of the bell is still somewhat vague, but when a code is prepared it is expected that the Methodist Ministers' Association, the Aqueduct Company and Ald. Bates will have unlimited powers to compel obedience and to punish offenders summarily and with the utmost severity.

As far as can be gleaned by reporters who have lingered in the neighborhood of Ald. Bates' mind, have consulted history and looked into the necessities of the case, it is predicted that the ringing of the curfew bell is to be a serious matter. Everyone must be under his own roof when the bell rings; fires must be put out or covered, gas and electric lights extinguished, and three minutes will be allowed all healthy and active people to get into bed, the time being extended



mise all the balance in a bunch and talk about something else. When we give away what is left it will be unnecessary to call it Christianity, or religion, or anything but simple trade with a zealous and greedy church on one side and a weak-backed, disorganized, temporizing and unprincipled crowd on the other. In the United States the constitution prevents much of the trouble that we have here. We should either have a constitution sweeping away these medieval links between church and state and thus forever removing these troublesome things from politics, or else give the hierarchy all it wants at the one asking, demanding nothing in return but an agreement that the first bishop, or archbishop, or cardinal that kicks and asks for higher more shall become guilty of high treason and be bounced out of the country. If we are looking for peace this is about the only way to get it.

If, on the other hand, Hon. Clarke Wallace leaves the Government and leads those opposed to Remedial Legislation, there will be an upheaval in Canada that will teach the Church a lesson never to be forgotten. The Church has gone too far. Canada is ripe for an energetic and far-reaching protest amounting to a little revolution that will turn out the time-servers and place-hunters, clean up our house, settle the argument and make it possible for a clean and courageous government to conduct our affairs.

An agitation has been started to prevent the Bell Telephone Company erecting any more poles in the district bounded by Sherbourne, Bloor, Spadina avenue and the bay. When the telephone company obtained a monopoly in Toronto they were liberal in their promises, but after they had "things fixed" they were all forgotten. Fortunately the city has their agreement to cease putting up poles in the district described and an undertaking to put the wires underground as rapidly "as consistent with good work and business methods." The company having ignored their agreement and being now in the midst of operations involving not only the putting up of new poles, but of ones higher than the law allows, and with cross-bars, the petition to the City Council asking for the whole thing to be stopped is timely and should have the desired effect. Don.

#### Money Matters.

The only important fact operating to repress confidence in the financial situation is that of the unsatisfactory condition of the currency of the United States. Both in Canada and in Great Britain financiers are undoubtedly taking this into account, and the natural outcome is conservatism in a more or less degree. Gold is cheaper in the United States than in any other country of the world. The cheapness is not due to the increased output in the States of the Union, but to the redundant currency. The Government, by constant borrowing, has kept paper notes at par, but as a result, gold, as well as paper—that is to say the whole currency—has depreciated and the redundant currency is driving gold out of the country. The United States is a rich country, an enormously productive country, and under ordinary conditions should have no difficulty in settling trade balances in gold, but neither the United States nor any other country can ignore fixed laws of finance. It is a satisfaction to the whole business world to note the trend of public opinion in the direction of sound currency. Both political parties are in favor of the reform, and no doubt it will be only a matter of time when it will become an actuality. In the meantime I do not see much cause for alarm. The production of gold in the United States is increasing rapidly and the Treasury will be no doubt able to secure ample quantities to discharge current liabilities either from home or foreign holders. The recent heavy drafts on the Treasury were caused directly by the speculation in cotton. The price of cotton on a natural level is much higher than at this time last year, and it might have been expected that the return from exports would have been larger, but the actual fact is that the return is \$9,000,000 less since the export season began up to Nov. 22. The cotton is in the country to sell and will go forward as soon as artificial prices give place to natural values.

When Toronto Railway was 83 I advised buying it. Later a quantity of stock came on the market and the quotations fell. I advised holders to be patient and stated that at the decline the stock should be a good purchase; that it would surely be in the eighties again in a short time. It is now above 90 and will probably do better. The Sunday car question will soon loom up and that will make activity. If it should go to, say, 84, it might do to take profits and wait for a turn.

Montreal Street Railway is up again. I stated some time ago that toward the end of the year this stock would get scarce. It undoubtedly looks high at 22 1/2, but I think it is just as likely to go higher as go lower. The future is full of promise. It will sell to 220 before 200. It may be too high to buy now, but to investors would say, "Hold your stock," and to parties who are willing to wait I would say, "Buy it moderately."

Commercial Cable stock has done very well. I advised buying at 165 when I wrote last. It has since advanced to 167 1/2. The condition of this company's affairs is sound. The earnings will be about 12 per cent. this year; there are no bonds on the assets of the company, and the reserve fund has reached \$1,500,000. The company could increase the dividend to 8 per cent., and add about \$400,000 to the reserve fund. Now, as to prospects: I have heard the proposed new French cable spoken of as a menace to the earnings of the Commercial Cable Co., but there is really nothing worth while talking about in it. There are at present seventeen cables stretched across the Atlantic. The Commercial Cable has three, and has built up its business, which is growing by leaps and bounds, against the strongest opposition from cables having powerful land connection. One French cable, to be built two years hence, with no important connection on this side of the ocean, will have no effect. The business of the Commercial Cable is sure to grow steadily. I would not be surprised if it earned 15 per cent. next year. The Postal Telegraph system has not done growing by any manner of means, and each new extension brings receipts into the coffers of the Commercial Cable Co. without any extra cost to it. The developments on the Pacific ocean are to play an important part as well. The British cable from Vancouver to Australia is virtually decided on. The business will come over the C.P.R. wires, and will be fed to the Commercial Cable. Japan's commercial development is surprising the world.

The C. P. R. steamship line will, without doubt, be followed by the establishment of a cable line from Vancouver to Japan. A considerable percentage of the cable despatches between England and Australia on the one hand, and England and Japan on the other, is destined to come via Commercial Cable, C.P.R. and Pacific cables, instead of over the eastern lines. It would seem to us that the prospects of decreased earnings of the Commercial Cable are remote, but the prospects of big increases

are very probable indeed. I should say that the stock is cheap at 175. Postal Telegraph Company is the twin of Commercial Cable Company. It does not pay a dividend, but it is expected that a dividend will be paid early next year. It is quoted at 83. This is a high price for a stock that pays no dividend, but the friends of the stock seem to have confidence in it. The unfavorable element in it is that expenditures on extensions are likely to continue for a considerable time. Money is cheap the world over and will continue at low rates, as capital is increasing faster than the demand for it. ESAU.

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's reception on Wednesday was thronged, and the visitors had the pleasure of hearing the exquisite playing of a visiting 'cellist, Monsieur Le Semple, who, accompanied by Mrs. Saunders, played three or four times for the company. To tell who was at the "afternoon" last Wednesday would be to compile a society directory. Fancy to yourself the vast ball room solidly packed with silks, laces, feathers, all a flutter and a-go; groups of sleek heads and gardens of fair faces; here a politician and there a millionaire; on the one hand a bewildered little shy debutante, yet a quiver from the pretty compliment of His Honor and reassured by Mrs. Kirkpatrick's winning smile and cordial hand-clasp; there a beautiful matron, in black velvet, musically uttering the proper society benediction with a young cavalier, who has perfected his taste in fair women and mildly looks over the heads of the tremulous debutantes; here a colonel and yonder a captain; everywhere the chatter and the whisper of those who meet for a moment on this bright and anticipated day, and now and then a hush, while the human voice of the 'cello steals through the throng from the far-off corner where the player, hemmed in by music-lovers, speaks to the heart. Monsieur Le Semple was "Paderewskied," as a wicked small man with a big chrysanthemum expressed it, whether in reference to the artist's hirsute abundance or the admiration his playing called forth was not explained.

The dance at Waveney on Wednesday evening was one of the most delightful affairs of the early season. This beautiful house was filled with many young people, and some married belles, who always in Toronto dispute the title with their younger sisters, looked unusually well. Among these was prominent Mrs. James Crowther, who was a picture in one of Stitt's most ravishing gowns, a rich pale green satin brocade in delicate rose, and trimmed with pale rose chiffon, and spangled passementerie on cream net; shoes on her small feet, of pale green satin, and a very piquant coiffure dressed this stylish little dame bewitchingly, literally "from top to toe." A great many white gowns were worn, satin for preference. Mrs. Alfred Cameron and the Misses Beatty appearing in the lustrous material. Mrs. Gooderham wore black, with gold embroidery; Mrs. Willie Gooderham wore a most becoming gown of pale blue; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet was in white; Mrs. Willie Ince in yellow; Mrs. Gus Bolte in black velvet; Mrs. Charlie Temple wore white, presumably her robe de noc; Mrs. Jack Drynan was also in her elegant wedding gown; Mrs. Bristol wore white brocade; Miss Gooderham was also in white. Excellent music, was furnished, and while the dance did not rival the housewarming one in numbers, being largely a young people's dance, it fell short in no other particular.

The Misses Morgan of Dovercourt road gave a young people's tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Plummer's dance in St. George's Hall on Monday evening will be the leading event of next week to those devoted to the worship of Terpsichore.

Miss Marion Barker spent the Thanksgiving five-day holiday with Miss McWhinney of London. Miss Barker was received with warm welcome by hosts of friends in her former home.

Mrs. Edmond Baird Ryckman, nee Gurney, will receive her friends in her new home, 21 Roxborough avenue, on Wednesday and Thursday, December 4 and 5. Throughout the winter Mrs. Ryckman will be at home the first and third Thursdays of each month.

The Tuesday tea given by Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Carlton street for her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cummings Kirkpatrick, and her daughter, Mrs. Porter, was largely attended and very successful. The beautiful girl who has lately entered this family is a Southerner, dark-eyed and dark-haired, with a delicate loveliness peculiar to the daughters of the South. She was very much admired by everyone at the tea, and wore a handsome gown with Louis bodice of cream satin brocade with ferns in pale green and rose, and finished with falls of rare lace. Pretty Mrs. Porter looked very well in pale blue and white silk crepon, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick was ably assisted by her daughters in the drawing-room, and at the buffet, which was daintily decorated in pink and white. However brisk and attentive waiters may prove, there is a charm, which everyone felt at this tea, in being waited upon by a bevy of pretty girls whose every faculty is devoted to making people happy and comfortable. A few of the guests were: Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Joe Delamere, who looks so well that it is difficult to believe she has had so much care and watching over her invalids this fall; Mrs. and Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Wyatt and Miss Stratford, Mr. Branchand, Mr. Tassie, Mr. Frank Denison, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Nixon, the Misses MacKeller, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mr. Porter, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Edward Fisher and Miss Short.

Mrs. Cayley gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Edward Cayley, at which a number of smart people were present.

A very original and well gotten up costume concert was given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings by the little folks of Holy Trinity Sunday school in aid of the building fund.

The Cumberland Club, a very jolly little coterie, en pension at Cumberland Lodge, University crescent, gave a very nice dance on Tuesday evening. The beautiful old house, which is admirably adapted for entertaining,

was comfortably filled with guests, mostly young people, who were received by Mrs. Thorne. D'Alessandro's orchestra furnished the music, and those who in olden times tripped the light fantastic over the boards of the Cumberland drawing-room need not be told that the floor was perfect. All about the walls were ranged specimens of rare china and bric-a-brac of value, evidence of the occupancy for some time of this apartment by Professor Mavor. Some very fine prints and other art treasures were also in place on the walls. The guests were solicitously looked after by the hosts and hostesses, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell; in fact, the Cumberland Club achieved quite a marked success.

The Classical Association of Toronto University holds an open meeting next Tuesday afternoon, when addresses will be given by Professors Fletcher and Wrong and Dr. Tracy. The meeting promises to be of especial interest, as it will afford Professor Fletcher an opportunity of delivering his inaugural address and, besides, will be his first public appearance before an outside audience since his acceptance of the chair in Latin in Toronto University.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Stovel celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding day on November 26 by a progressive euchre party at their pretty suburban home on Sylvan avenue. The rooms were filled with quartette tables and the prizes were won by Mr. Percy and Miss Capon. A room full of wooden gifts, ranging from the delicate carved knick-knack to the comfortable rocking-chair, was evidence to the hearty esteem in which this young couple are held by their many friends, who are looking forward to tendering future congratulations at many such happy anniversaries. An orchestra played in the hall during the game and after supper for a carpet dance.

Miss B. Hope of Spadina avenue, who has been seriously ill for several weeks from the effect of a canoe accident in Montreal, is still very low. Her many friends in Toronto wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. B. E. Walker's dance on December 6 (which evening bid fair at one time to be divided against itself) will be a very smart affair next week. Victoria conversat. comes on the same date, and until the committee wisely changed their plans, Lorne Football Club had also dated the 6th. By the way, the dance to be given by the champions bids fair to exceed the finest anticipations. They are sparing no expense, and excellent music is to be enjoyed from a much augmented orchestra. Toronto has every reason to blow trumpets this winter over the prowess of her kickers in the football field. The Lornes have topped the sheaf with a record of one hundred and forty-eight points against forty-six for their season's work. This kind of kicking, which, like the grateful tea, cheers but not inebriates, is the sort we want and for which we render homage to our various champions, who have vindicated Sarnia's last summer appellation by grabbing everything for Toronto.

The monument erected in St. George's plot in St. James' Cemetery was unveiled yesterday at three o'clock p.m.

Lovers of Shakespeare will be pleased to hear that arrangements have been made with Rev. Canon Sutherland of Hamilton for a series of readings on Saturday afternoons in Convocation Hall, Trinity University, beginning early in February. Those who had the pleasure of hearing Canon Sutherland's lecture on Desdemona will look forward with great pleasure to spending an hour with Beatrice, Perdita, Lady Macbeth and others of Shakespeare's heroines. Cups are already being counted for a refreshing cup of tea and the friendly chat which everyone enjoys at Trinity.

The Psyche Social Club held their third meeting Monday evening at Mrs. Haldimand's on Euclid avenue, where an exceptionally pleasant time was enjoyed by everyone. The club members are looking forward with much pleasure to the masquerade to be held at Mrs. Belcher's on Spencer avenue next Monday evening.

Miss Eve Brodlique, the gifted Canadian writer on the Chicago Times-Herald, who lately charmed her friends in London, Toronto and Whitby by spending a holiday with them, has achieved marked success with her maiden effort as a dramatist. The Chicago critics without exception eulogize Miss Brodlique's curtain raiser, A Training School for Lovers, produced at the Schiller Theater in that city last week, the occasion proving a veritable ovation for her. Gustave Frohman, the New York theatrical manager, has bought the play and commissioned the author to write another for him. Miss Brodlique is being overwhelmed with congratulations.

The 'Varsity Athletic Association will hold an At Home next Wednesday evening in the Gymnasium, which has one of the finest floors in this city. This is in honor of the champion football teams, Rugby and Association (Inter-collegiate). The individual members of the teams will be presented with handsome souvenirs of the occasion, and the Ontario Cup and the Faculty Cup will also be presented. By the generous permission of the Councils dancing has been permitted for this occasion. Tickets may be had from the following: Messrs. Kitchen, Treble, Bell and Jennings.

Sir Frank and Lady Smith were at Home at Rivermount on Saturday afternoon. The weather was not propitious, but seemed to have no effect on the smartness or number of the guests at this reception. The proverbial four hundred, with an addition, were present. Lady Smith received in the drawing-room, that spacious and old-fashioned apartment which is the envy of so many cooped up hostesses in modern houses. D'Alessandro's mandolin players were stationed in the hall bay-window and played very well; their music seems peculiarly adapted for an affair of this description. The buffet in the dining-room was laden with the proverbial hospitality of Rivermount, and beautiful with lights and flowers. Lady Smith received in black silk and jet, with lace and diamonds, and was assisted by Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, in pink and black, and

Mrs. John Foy, in lavender silk. Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Capt. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Col. Otter, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Hogg of Ottawa, Mrs. O'Connor of Ottawa, a lovely woman, in black velvet and jet; Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Mrs. and the Misses S. Macdonald, Mrs. Oslar of Craiglea, Mrs. and Miss Columbus Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Long, Mrs. Charles and Miss Long, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, the Misses Hughes and Mr. Joe Hughes were among those present.

The V.R.I. Garrison Cricket Club gave a very enjoyable At Home at Stanley Barracks on Monday evening, November 25, which, in spite of the stormy weather, was well attended by the friends of this popular club. The drill hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, bunting, piles of arms, lances, etc., and presented a beautiful appearance. An orchestra supplied the music, which was excellent. Dancing was kept up till about two a.m., after which the happy gathering dispersed, all having apparently enjoyed themselves heartily. Amongst those who accepted invitations were: Lt. Col. Otter, D.A.G., Lt. Col. Buchan, Capt. Cartwright, Capt. Williams, Capt. Forrester, Lieut. Thacker and Lt. Col. Gravely.

The annual conversazione of Victoria University is announced for December 6. The invitations are out and the event honored by an acceptance from Government House. As is usual, decorations, refreshments and programme will alike be the very best obtainable for the occasion. The programme will be furnished by the Klengenfeld Quartette and by the College Mandolin and Guitar Club. It is quite possible in the long list of those entitled to invitations that some have been overlooked, in which case a word to someone on the committee or a card to the secretary at the college will not fall of the desired result.

Mrs. Jones will not receive callers on her usual days during December. Several hostesses have determined to take December for a visiting instead of receiving month, to pay visits which have accumulated, and which necessitate devoting to them the day on which said ladies are announced to be at home.

The Octagon Club will give a holiday hop in the Art Gallery two days after Christmas, when, as usual, the floor and music may be prophesied as of the best.

Mrs. John I. Davidson gave dinner parties this week, on Monday and Thursday evenings.

Miss Duncan-McIntyre of Montreal is in town, on a visit to Mrs. Parmenter, 84 Spadina road.

Miss Marie Hughes, daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, entered the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal on Saturday of last week. An exchange in recording her reception says: "The beautiful chapel of the institution was ablaze with light and fragrant with flowers, whilst a large and fashionable audience filled the capacious interior. A pleasing incident, in connection with the prise d'habit, was a cablegram from Rome, conveying the Holy Father's benediction to the young novice. It is only a few months since Miss Hughes took the degree of LL.B. from St. Andrew's University, Scotland, being the first Canadian lady who has won this distinction."

One of this season's debutantes who has made her way into many hearts is Miss Dupont, who was one of the guests at the Cumberland Club's dance. Miss Sweeney, who is visiting in town, was another popular lady.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Cooby, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Ellwood are patronesses of the Lorne Club dance, and the stewards are Messrs. Eby, Langtry, Morrison, Ranson, Flood, H. D. Eby, Winans, Watson and Roger, with Gerald Wade as secretary, from any of which gentlemen invitations can be had.

Mrs. M. Ericker of Hillcrest, Listowel, gave a very enjoyable dance on Thanksgiving Night for her young friends. Mrs. Ericker is a most charming hostess; her beautiful home never showed to such good advantage as on this occasion. Some of the guests were: The Misses Campbell, Miss Brook, Miss Livingstone, Miss Sutherland, Miss Woods of Toronto, Miss Clayton, the Misses McGregor of Galt, Miss Lee, Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. F. W. Hay, Mrs. Hacking, Mrs. J. N. Hay, and Messrs. Rutherford, Bastedo, Blewett, Hunt, Hay, Hacking, Ore, Clime, Shaw, McMullen of Mount Forest, and numerous others.

After a prolonged illness Mrs. Robert Sims, the young wife of the rector of Holy Trinity church, North Chatham, passed away on Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Sims, whose marriage was reported in these columns but a few months ago, was taken to Bermuda by her husband in hope of her complete restoration, but on her return she became again an invalid, with no hope of recovery. Mrs. Sims belongs to one of the old families of Toronto, and as Miss Chewett was a bright and charming member of society. She died at the family residence here.

The 'cello on which Monsieur Le Semple played at Government House last week is his cherished possession, being over two hundred and fifty years old, and once having been owned by the King of Sweden.

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Taffetas, Chene, Cannelle and Velvet Stripes, Plain, Glace and Cameleon Effects, Silk and Satin Plaids.

White Silks and Satins for wedding gowns, Plain and Fancy Tissues for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

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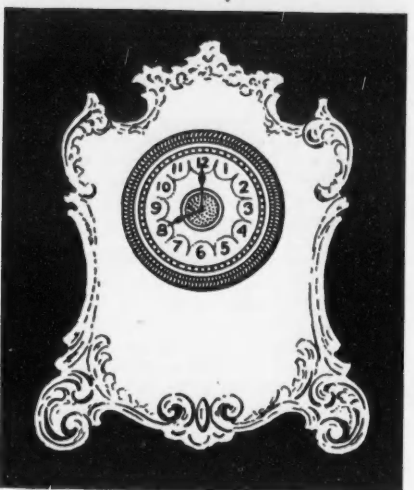
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Gas Fires, Gas Logs  
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## Social and Personal.

The Osgoode Legal and Literary Society is in a very flourishing condition this year. The question of holding the usual At Home will be thrashed out at this evening's meeting in Convocation Hall. At the meeting of last Saturday evening the programme consisted of songs, essays, etc., and the debate on the question, "That the Act of the Ontario Legislature allowing the client to make compensation with his solicitor for costs in lump sum is more beneficial to the client rather than the solicitor." The case of the client was upheld by Messrs. E. F. Lester, J. R. Brown, B. W. Barnum and Peter White, jr. Messrs. O. A. Langley, T. L. Church, B. W. Thompson and E. H. McLean contended it was better for the solicitor, which contention President Lamport upheld in his decision. Public debates with 'Varsity, Trinity and Queen's will be held shortly. Mr. O. A. Langley was appointed to represent the society at Trinity medical dinner, and Mr. T. L. Church representative of the society at the annual dinner of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

A very pretty tea was given by Mrs. Scanlon of Bloor street on Friday.

A correspondent has kindly sent me the following account of Sir Charles and Lady Rivers-Wilson's marriage. Apart from the interest which Sir Charles has for Canadians, the description of the maids' frocks is so sweetly pretty that I fancy it will afford a hint for Toronto weddings in the future: "The marriage of Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, G.C.M.G., C.B., with Hon. Beatrice Violet Mary Mostyn, daughter of the late Hon. George C. Mostyn and of Hon. Mrs. Mostyn of Cadogan gardens, took place in Holy Trinity church, Sloane street, on Saturday afternoon. The bride, who was accompanied to the altar by her brother, Lord Vaux of Harrowden, wore a dress of white satin trimmed with Brussels lace, ostrich tips and orange blossoms, a wreath of the latter, and tulle veil. Her necklace of three rows of pearls with a diamond clasp, was the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by her three little nieces, the Hon. Grace, the Hon. Gladys, and the Hon. Dorothy Mostyn, daughters of Lord and Lady Vaux of Harrowden, dressed in long white satin frocks with girdles of violets, and white satin Puritan caps embroidered with gold sequins and edged with violets. The bridegroom presented them with double-heart brooches in violet enamel with "V.R." in diamonds, and bouquets of violets and pink roses. Lord Rowton was best man. Bishop Barry, Canon of Windsor, cousin of the bride, Canon Lea Wilson, cousin of the bridegroom, and Rev. J. Scott were the officiating clergy. The bride was given away by her mother. The wedding being a quiet one, owing to recent mourning in the family of the bride, only relations were invited to the Hon. Mrs. Mostyn's house in Cadogan gardens, but there was a large gathering of relations and friends at the ceremony."

The home of Mr. R. Marshall of corner Strachan avenue and Clifford street was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding on Tuesday afternoon, November 19, when his eldest daughter, Merilz, was married by Rev. J. A. Turnbull, B.A., M.B., to Mr. W. G. Smart of Collingwood. The bride was very becomingly dressed in a brown cloth traveling gown. Her sister, Miss Flora, was bridesmaid, and the groomsmen were Mr. T. C. Marshall, brother of the bride. The evening train bore the young couple to Collingwood, where they will reside in future.

Miss Hazlewood has returned home from Port Arthur, accompanied by Mrs. Richard Hazlewood, who will spend the winter in Toronto.

Miss Hess of St. George street left last week for a month's visit with friends in St. Louis, Missouri.

Miss Ethel Paul of New York is visiting Mrs. Albert Austin at 63 Lowther avenue. Miss Paul's mother, Mrs. Cornelius Paul, nee Fanny Wooley, is an Englishwoman who was formerly well known in Toronto. She is a cousin of Hon. W. C. Gully, the present Speaker of the English House of Commons. Miss Ethel Paul is a cousin of Mrs. Albert Austin and Mr. George Kerr.

On Friday evening, November 15, an Old Folks' concert was given in Anderson's Hall, Tilbury, under the auspices of the Woman's Guild of the Church of England. The hall was well filled by an interested audience and the programme was very acceptably rendered. The solos were by Mrs. G. M. Franklin, Misses Spaul, E. Spaul, Blanche Baxter of Chatham; Mr. J. W. Laird and Rev. G. M. Franklin. The chorus work was fairly well done. Two male glees, O, Who Will O'er the Down so Free, and Cheer, Boys, Cheer, were well received. O, Dear, What Can the Matter Be! as a female chorus earned a hearty encore. The ancient hymn tunes and mixed choruses were well taken. Altogether the affair passed off very creditably to the performers, and to the satisfaction of the audience.

After the Rugby championship has been absent from Toronto for some years, the 'Varsity Rugby Football Club have at last brought it back to the city. 'Varsity by its victory over Montreal on Thanksgiving Day is now champion of the Dominion. The success of the team will give an untold stimulus to sports at the provincial University, and will do a great deal to revive popularity for 'Varsity. The team are the idols of the students and the victory will stand as a token of what pluck, energy and perseverance will do in athletics. *Vive M. Belanger!* *Vive M. Jack Connell!* *Vive Captains Barr and Macdougall!* is the wish of the 'Varsity students to each of them. The 'Varsity, the organ of the students, calls on one and all to celebrate a victory that the provincial University has been looking for so long, as this is the first time that 'Varsity has ever won the championship. The 'Varsity in speaking of its players says Barr was "always on the ball," Hobbs at quarter was a "star," Connell's "marks and kicks into touch were phenomenal and he was the savior of his country." It also speaks of the great work done by Caldwell and Elliott on



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40-in. to 46 in. Scotch Tweeds, French fancies and plain goods, usually sold at from 40c to 85c, clearing at.....	25c	5,000 yards 24-in. to 27-in. India Silk, Fancy Silks, Taffetas, Surahs, Art Silks, Broches, all worth up to 85c, unheard of price—the lot to clear at.....	35c
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MRS. WREYFORD is making latest styles in Dresses and Mantles.

the wings and by Belanger at full back. Of Mr. Barr the 'Varsity says that never would the team have survived Hamilton and Queen's had it not been for the hard work and assiduous training he put his men through, which alone can account for 'Varsity's great victory. President London is of opinion the victory of 'Varsity would outlast time and outshine space; the President dined the team last week.

Mrs. Smith Cornell of Winnipeg, who has been in the city for a short time, left for the West on Thursday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Tiny Ruthven and Mr. Hamilton S. Hall of Chicago.

Mr. W. McCaffery of 44 Mutual street was a guest at the home of Mr. Thomas Lowell of Woodstock on Sunday, November 17.

Miss Towler of Sherbourne street was at home to a small number of friends on Friday evening. Part of the evening was devoted to a very unique and pretty floral entertainment.

Mrs. W. Thomson has removed to 55 Walmer road, where she will be at home to her friends on Fridays.

On Friday evening of last week at the Jameson avenue Collegiate Institute annual Commencement, Miss Agnes Alexander and Miss Amy Everett of Parkdale played a very pretty duet in a most acceptable manner, creating loud applause.

Mrs. Day of Cowan avenue gave a pleasant party for her two little daughters on Thanksgiving evening.

Dr. D. W. McPherson, after a lengthy visit to Gorrie, Ont., has returned to town.

Miss Neale of San Diego, Cal., who has been visiting Mrs. J. B. Tinning of Tranby avenue, left for home on Tuesday, accompanied by Mrs. Tinning and her little son, who will spend the winter there.

Miss Katie Burgess of St. Marys is on a visit to friends on Madison avenue.

The Misses Humphreys of Bohemia, Church street, gave an afternoon progressive euchre party on Monday.

The annual dinner of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons was held at the Rosine House on Tuesday evening last. The guests present were: The Faculty, Mayor Kennedy, President London, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mr. William Mulock, M.P., Prof. Montgomery of Trinity, Mr. J. G. Merrick of 'Varsity, Mr. J. D. MacLennan of Queen's, Mr. T. L. Church of Osgoode Hall, Mr. Lockie Burwash of S. P. S., Mr. D. Buchanan of Toronto Medical College, Dr. Teskey of Trinity Medical College, Mr. L. Parry of Victoria College, and others. The dining-room was decorated with the college colors. President London praised the college for the work it was doing and for having achieved such success under its present faculty. The toast of sister institutions

brought the various representatives of the colleges to their feet. Mr. Merrick of 'Varsity praised the college representation on the board of athletic directors of Toronto University. Mr. Burwash of School of Science, and a member of 'Varsity's champion Rugby team, also spoke in a similar manner and praised the Dental students. Mr. Church of Osgoode spoke of Mr. Caldwell, the renowned college Rugby player, as being first in the hundred yards, first in the use of the chisel, the hammer, mallet and saw, first in the rush line and

Diamond Hall

## Billiard "Chalkers"

This is one of the odd lines in Silver Novelties we're showing for Christmas.

We don't expect to sell them to everybody, but simply cite them as a sample of the 1,000 novelties now shown by us.

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Little publication entitled "Yule Tide Hints" will save you the trouble of worrying over "what to give" for a Christmas Box, if you will only send us a request for a copy.

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## USE FRY'S

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## Cocoa and Chocolate

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first in the hearts of Dental students. Mr. Buchanan of Trinity Medical College and Mr. Parry of Victoria College added a congratulatory address. The dinner was a great success and broke up at an early hour of the morning.

Will He Come?

Schulz und Spane.

An advertisement, the efficacy of which we should not like to guarantee, runs as follows: "The gentleman who in the year 1864 proposed to me, and whom I rejected at the time, is hereby informed that, all my relatives being dead and gone, I am now prepared to give a willing ear to a renewal of his suit if he is so disposed.—E. D. G." From 1864 till now! Um! Will he come?

Minnie—Mr. Yabsley says that you set the most appetizing luncheon he ever tasted. Mamie—Indeed? Minnie—Yes, indeed. He said that he could eat more after your luncheon than he could after anyone's else.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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Depends  
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The elegant way and easy motion of the figure. Frequently a woman appears awkward and dowdy from the fact that her dress fits badly from sheer carelessness.

**PERFECTLY  
FITTING  
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ARMAND'S COLORINE is the best in the market to-day and by far the cheapest in the end. We make a specialty in restoring Gray, Faded, Bleached or Colorless hair in any desired shade. Private Parloirs. Appointments made. Tel. 2498.

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Ladies, Children and Gents' Manicure Parloirs. If you desire a good manicure go to

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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of *Bootsie's Baby*, etc.  
(Copyrighted, 1895, BY THE AUTHOR.)

## CHAPTER XI.

The men around about Dagleigh were all keen about hunting, and Mrs. Winton was equally keen on one or two dances that were going on in the vicinity. She seemed almost to have forgotten her German friend. If the truth be told, the guard-ship at Harburgh had been changed, and she had become very friendly with its Commander, who was young for the appointment, exceedingly good-looking, and unmarried. As much as she had talked about Mr. Dornberg during the past three months, so did she now talk about Captain Fairfax.

Captain Fairfax, from the first, showed himself quite willing to become an intimate friend of the family at Dagleigh Manor—in truth, he put up with Mrs. Winton for the sake of Phyllis's sweet eyes. He thought that she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen in his life, and the look of anxiety which almost always showed itself in the sweet gray depths of her soul's windows only served to attract him the more.

"I think," he said one day to Mrs. Winton, "that your parson is pretty much spoons on Miss Phyllis." He had openly called her Miss Phyllis from the first day he entered the house.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Winton, "it's been a terrible affair; it's been going on for a long time, but she won't have anything to say to him."

"I should think not," said the sailor; "he's such an ill-conditioned brute."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Mrs. Winton indignantly. "You see, Captain Fairfax, he's very desperately in love, and I don't think that at a time when a man shows to the best advantage, is it?"

"Well, that's bad for him," said the sailor brusquely; "I suppose he expects her to be in love with him?"

"I don't think he expects it; I'm sure he hopes it," said Mrs. Winton.

"Well, I tell you what," said the Captain, "if that chap'd buy himself a looking-glass he'd have a better chance."

"Why?"

"Why? No chap would ever expect a girl to fall in love with such a countenance as he's got. Why, bless me, when I came in here yesterday—I've got as good a right to come in as he has, I've been asked—he looked at me as if I had been one of my own A. B.'s, or something entirely beneath his dignity, and he put out a stiff hand and said 'How d'ye do?' without shutting either his teeth or his lips. I don't like such manners; nothing puts my back up like a stiff hand."

"Mr. Hawkesley hasn't cordial manners," said Mrs. Winton.

"He's a regular ill-conditioned brute," said the sailor bluntly.

Now, Captain Fairfax was not a regular ill-conditioned brute; he was an exceedingly genial, pleasant, and altogether delightful person, and being very sure of his footing in the house and of his place outside of it, he had not the smallest intention of permitting the Vicar of Dagleigh either to oust him out of the one or to regulate his position in the other. With Gerald Winton he became in a very short time quite as friendly as Dornberg had been. To Phyllis he was pleasant, agreeable, and genial, without in any way attempting to make love to her.

But he made one awful mistake in his intercourse with the family at the Manor—an awful mistake, that is, for one who was really serious in his intentions respecting his mistress's sister; he never took any notice of the children. It was Phyllis who got the benefit of the children's comments. Christian said that she did not think he was bad-looking, but that he was not a large-minded man, because he only seemed able to take an interest in two or three persons at a time. And Olive declared that he was a tyrant.

"I'm sure he's a tyrant," she said, "because he told me he never allowed animals on his ship, and a man who doesn't allow animals can't be worth anything."

Olive had a very tender heart for animals, and although Margaret had been Dornberg's favorite he had always on this point flattered Olive to the top of her bent; therefore the contrast was a very sharp one to her and she was not slow in expressing it.

Margaret simply said he was horrid. "He isn't quite as bad as the vicar," she said, "but he might just as well be, for any notice he takes of us. And I don't know what you think, Phyllis," she went on, "but to my mind"—"to my mind" was a great phrase of Margaret's—"a man who comes to the house intimately and takes no notice of the children is only a partial sort of friend, and I shan't be sorry when the Conger Eel is moved off and we get a new ship. He isn't half as nice as dear Dornberg."

"Ah, no," chimed in Christian—"he was nice."

"He was worth all the Hawkesleys and all the Fairfaxes put together. He promised he'd bring me some of those wonderful duck's eggs when he came back from Germany," said Olive.

"I daresay he will," put in Phyllis.

"If he's alive," said Margaret, with a prodigious sigh. "Sometimes, Phyllis, I think he can't be."

"Oh, why, dear?"

"Because he's been so long without writing. I don't think he would have been so long without writing if he'd been alive. What do you think, Phyllis?"

"I hope he is," said Phyllis.

"Yes, so do I; it would be very sad if we were never to see him again," said Margaret, with another prodigious sigh.

"Very dear," said Phyllis.

She sat still for a moment or so while the children babled on; then she got up and went away as if she were only going to fetch something; but once she got within the shelter of her own room her emotion found vent. She flung herself upon her bed and sobbed and sobbed as if her heart was like to break.

About a week later Margaret had a letter

from Germany. It was not from Dornberg himself, and was written in a plain, round, man's hand.

"Miss Margaret Winton," "MADAM,—Mr. Dornberg wishes me to say that he is exceedingly sorry that he has not been able to write to you in reply to your three kind letters of enquiry. He has had a very dangerous attack of rheumatic fever, and was not permitted to see letters until this morning. He bids me say that he is now on the road to recovery, but is not allowed to write himself just at present. He hopes that you are all well, and will be greatly delighted to hear from you."

"I am, madam," "Obediently yours," "F. Jones."

If Phyllis had been able to follow her own inclinations, she would have said nothing about this to her sister, because her sister had for some little time given up talking about Mr. Dornberg altogether. But of course it would not do to encourage Margaret or any of the children to keep secrets from their mother, so that when Mrs. Winton returned from a shopping expedition in town she could only sit by in silence while Margaret showed her the wonderful letter.

They all freely commented upon its contents. Captain Fairfax happened to be present, and begged to be enlightened as to this Dornberg's identity. "He is a German, I suppose," he remarked.

"Oh yes, oh yes, quite German. Gerald took an immense fancy to him, and he plays beautifully," Mrs. Winton exclaimed, "quite beautifully, and sings awfully well."

"Is he a singer?"

"Oh, no; he's a man of business in the city."

"You don't say so? What wonderful chaps those Germans are."

Now, as a matter of fact, Captain Fairfax had no desire to belie the absent Dornberg in any manner, and yet the effect of his wholly innocent remark was to put back in Mrs. Winton's mind that first doubt which Mr. Hawkesley had planted there, and which had been driven forth by the force of Dornberg's own charm of manner.

"Oh," she said, in an explaining sort of voice, "we know nothing whatever about Mr. Dornberg. He picked up Phyllis in the street one day when she had a spill, and Gerald took a fancy to him, and insisted upon asking him to dinner; and then somehow, whether it was his music, or what, I can't say, but he became enormously friendly with Margaret, my little girl, and has corresponded with her ever since. But we know nothing about him, except that he's in a business house in the city."

"You don't know what house?" said Fairfax.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Winton, with admirable indifference.

"He's a charming person, mother," broke in Margaret.

"Oh, yes, dear, a very charming person."

"You liked him awfully, mother," persisted the little maid, who was nothing if not loyal.

"My dear child, I should be very ungrateful, and a very horrid woman, if I did not like anyone who had saved my sister's life," said Mrs. Winton reprovingly; "but that is quite a different thing from being a great friend of anyone's, and that we are indebted to him is no reason why I should know all there is to know about his family and his circumstances. Do you understand?"

"No," said Margaret, "I don't."

"Well, when you are older, Margaret, perhaps you will," said Mrs. Winton indulgently. If the truth be told, Captain Fairfax thought Margaret was a horrid little bore. He turned around to Phyllis with a laugh.

"Miss Phyllis," he said genially, "are you the only one who has nothing to say for this paragon?"

Phyllis laughed outright. "No, I have nothing to say, Captain Fairfax—perhaps I am like the old lady's parrot, and think the more."

"Lucky Dornberg!" said he with emphasis.

"Yes, he is lucky," chimed in Margaret, "because he's very big, and very good-looking, and very nice, and everybody likes him."

"Except Mr. Hawkesley," cried Olive.

"What! and didn't the beloved vicar like him?"

"He hated him," returned Olive promptly.

"Ah! Then the German must have been a very good sort, for your vicar doesn't like me either."

"I don't think our vicar likes anybody except Phyllis," said Olive sagely, "and it's no good his liking Phyllis."

The sailor burst out laughing. "Why not?"

"Why? Because Phyllis doesn't like him."

"And a very good reason. Mr. Dornberg," he said, with a gesture of the hand in the direction of Germany, "we are strangers—we have never met—there are many miles lying between us, but I respect you, sir, I make my bow to you, I shake hands with you."

"I don't think you like Mr. Hawkesley," said Margaret, with a round-eyed wonder, at which the sailor laughed boisterously, and Mrs. Winton declared that she was utterly shocked.

"I always envy chaps who can sing," remarked the sailor after a while. "I've got no more voice than an old crow myself, and though it isn't exactly a manly sort of thing to tum-tum on the piano and sing, and that sort of thing, yet I always felt as if I should like to be able to sing."

"Mr. Dornberg is a very manly person," put in Phyllis in a dry tone.

"Oh, is he—how?"

"How! Oh, he's a good size, and he can do everything pretty well."

"My dear Phyllis," said Mrs. Winton, "Mr. Dornberg is immense, and he was much the best tennis player that we ever had down in this neighborhood; he was a very athletic man—good at everything. Don't you run away with the idea, Captain Fairfax, that because he could play the piano and sing, he was an effeminate creature."

"No, he'd eat you," put in Margaret, under her breath.

"Hush!" said Phyllis.

"Well, but he would."

"Yes, but you mustn't say so—it's rude," Phyllis whispered back.

"It seems to me," said Margaret, putting her nose in the air and speaking for the benefit of Phyllis and Olive, "it seems to me that the truth is always excessively rude. You think a person is a horrid, detestable, rude, disagreeable cad—"

"Margaret!" cried Phyllis.

"Well, it is what you think and you can't say so—you've got to pretend that they're the most delightful people in the world. To my mind, Phyllis," she said, in her own little wise way, "I'd like to know where to draw the line between politeness and hypocrisy."

Phyllis began to laugh. "It is a difficult question, Margaret dear," she answered, "but there is a difference. For instance, you can convey to persons that you don't like them, without being rude."

"Oh, that's what you do to Mr. Hawkesley," said Olive pertly.

"Well, I may," Phyllis admitted, "but I am very sure that I've never been hypocritical to Mr. Hawkesley. I may have been rude"—she knew in her heart that she had been exceedingly rude, over and over again—"but never a hypocrite—no, not a hypocrite."

"I wonder," said Margaret, "when Mr. Dornberg will be back again?"

"Oh, not for a long time, dear; it will be long before he'll be able to make the journey."

The words had scarcely left her lips before the door opened and Mr. Hawkesley entered. He just spoke to Mrs. Winton, giving two fingers and a curt nod to the sailor; then he rather ostentatiously crossed the room and took possession of Phyllis.

Now, Phyllis was, owing to Margaret's letter, decidedly more pleasant in her manner than she had been lately, and they all, perhaps because they had just been speaking none too kindly of him, greeted him with much civility. It was a significant circumstance that Frizzle put up the fur of her back and uttered an angry snarl at his approach, eventually abandoning her comfortable place on her mistress's knee.

"My cat doesn't like you, Mr. Hawkesley," said Phyllis.

"No, I can't think why," said the vicar. "I'm not fond of cats; perhaps that's the reason; they say animals know by instinct."

"Oh, animals know when people don't like them," said Phyllis with conviction.

"And animals know perfectly well when people are not kind to them," put in Margaret. "You're not very kind to animals, you know, Mr. Hawkesley."

"I hope I'm never unkind to them, Margaret," said Mr. Hawkesley with dignity.

"I sincerely hope not," said Margaret, and forthwith whispered to Olive that she was a hypocrite, like everybody else.

"That fellow seems to be here a good deal, Miss Phyllis," said the vicar, with a look at Fairfax.

"Well," said Phyllis with a laugh, "he isn't an organ-grinder."

"What, haven't you forgotten that? What a long memory you have!"

"Yes," said Phyllis, "I have a long memory."

"Haven't you forgiven that?" he asked.

"Not yet, Mr. Hawkesley. Not, you know, that it's my privilege to forgive your sins—especially sins connected with a man who is very able to take his own part."

I don't know what possessed the man, but he took heart of grace from that inadvertent little speech, and fancied that Phyllis was softening towards him.

It was such a pity, because, as a matter of fact, Phyllis was more like a flint than ever.

"Do you like Fairfax?" he asked.

"Not much," answered Phyllis.

"I don't like the fellow at all," said the vicar, "he's so pushing."

"Oh, I don't think he's pushing. Florence likes him, and that's the principal thing."

"I thought Mrs. Winton had more discrimination," he went on vexedly.

"Well," said Phyllis, with a roguish look, "you can't expect in this country to be like a Mormon elder, can you?"

"What?"

"Well, you can't expect to be like a Mormon elder, and have all the attention; they have all the attention, I think, don't they?"

"I know nothing about Mormons," he said vexedly.

"Oh! I thought that you preached a sermon on Mormonism the other day?"

"So I did."

"How could you preach a sermon about what you knew nothing about?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," he replied. He had the grace to grow rather red. Phyllis began to laugh.

"Didn't you write it?" she asked in an amused tone.

"No, I didn't," he admitted. "I never could write a sermon; I know I should write rubbish, and so I generally preach other people's sermons. It's very much better—for the people."

"Oh yes," she said, "I wasn't blaming you—it's much, much, much, much better. I think it's very honest of you to own up to it."

"Well, I don't say anything about it if I'm not actually asked, but I told the Bishop the other day that my own sermons were such rubbish I couldn't think of preaching them. I don't think the old boy quite liked it, but he couldn't say anything, as he could if I was only a curate."

"How did you do when you were a curate?" asked Phyllis.

"Oh, well, I had to do the best I could, but I never thought much of my own sermons. I don't think a man ought to preach his own sermons; it's a wrong system altogether. In fact, I think sermons ought to be abolished entirely. I'm thinking of giving it up in the afternoon."

"I'm sure I should," said Phyllis, with feeling. "Nobody'd miss it. As it is, they've all had a hearty Sunday dinner and they all go to sleep. Now, really, I shall think you wise if you give it up."

"I think I shall," he declared. "By the bye," he went on suddenly, "you remember that German chap that was here last summer?"

Phyllis looked up at him. "Yes."

"He's dead."

(To be Continued.)

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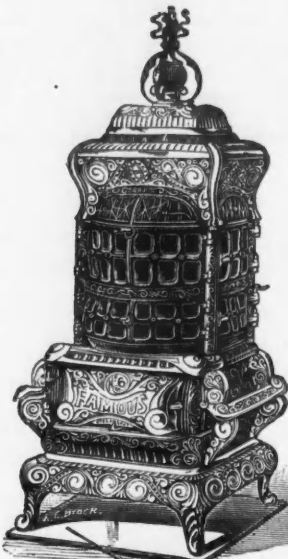
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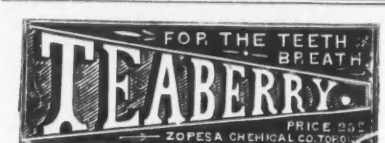
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Books and Authors.



SIX weeks ago, when Mr. E. W. Thomson's book, *Old Man Savarin and Other Stories*, was first mentioned in this column, I was bold enough to say that it seemed to me one of the foremost books of recent years, or words to that effect, and I placed the author in the same class with Barrie, Kipling and Ian Maclaren. Since then many of the best literary authorities have shown enthusiasm equal to my own. Mr. A. T. Quiller Crouch is one of the best short-story writers in England or in the world, and is admittedly an authority in this field of literature. In a recent issue of the *London Speaker* Mr. Quiller Crouch tells how the book fell into his hands, and how it soon commanded his admiration. He says: "Be they of Canada or the United States, Mr. Thomson's stories hold a place of their own by their distinctiveness of fancy and of language. It is a quiet distinctiveness. They never by any chance produce that shock of admiration which a volume of Mr. Kipling's, with a sort of insolent triumph, will renew again and again. And on Canadian ground they maintain that idyllic quality which, perhaps because Mr. Parker has such command of it, seems to be the right quality of a Canadian story. But Mr. Thomson's quietness covers a remarkable range of power. He can give you (as in *The Privilege of the Limbs*) a fine pawky humor; a sombre and tragical pathos (as in *Great Godfrey's Lament*); a pathos more acute and feminine (as in *The Shining Cross of Rigaud*); and (in *The Ride by Night*) good, galloping narrative that stirs the blood like a ballad. Indeed, of its class, I know nothing so good as this last-mentioned story. I may say, at least, quite confidently that it is one of the best rides in fiction, poetry or prose. You may challenge with Browning's *How They Brought the Good News—* and no doubt that poem has its strong admirers—or with Paul Revere's *Ride*, or with *Widderin, Black Bess or Starlight*—all good horses and worth backing. In its circumstances Mr. Thomson's story most nearly resembles Browning's."

The critic then proceeds to outline the story (which is, I trust, by this time, familiar to many who read this column), and to print an extract from it. There is a solid merit in Mr. Thomson's book that will surely please the British public.

I am glad to hear that Professor J. E. Wells, late of the editorial staff of *The Week*, has been engaged to edit a Canadian department for *The Literary Digest*, which is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. of New York and 11 Richmond street west, Toronto. *The Digest* is a splendid paper and a Canadian department will be welcomed by its readers in this country.

A Collingwood correspondent writes me that there is in that town a very successful literary club, called the Fortnightly, which has fine prospects for the coming season. Last winter the following papers were read and discussed: *Macbeth* by Mrs. Bonner, B.A.; *Hypnotism*, by Dr. G. M. Aylesworth; *Progress of Science*, by D. Stewart P.L.S.; *Art, Historical Outline*, by Miss Birnie; *Political Destiny of Canada*, by R. J. Bonner, B.A.; *Moore*, by D. McCaig, P.S.I.; *Novels*, by Editor Brady of the *Enterprise*; *Pottery*, by Editor Hodgson of the *Free Lance*; *Dickens*, by Miss Clement. Some of these papers have attracted wide attention. The officers of the club are: President, J. Birnie, B.C.L., LL.D.; first vice-president, R. J. Bonner, B.A.; secretary, George W. Bruce, B.A.; treasurer, Miss Noble; councillors, Miss Birnie and Miss Kate Robertson. Similar clubs exist in other towns and I should like to hear of them and the work they have in hand.

The Chicago *Post* answers gamely to those of us who questioned the late Eugene Field's standing as a poet:

Is the scribbler who breaks into the *Atlantic*, the *Century* or *Scribner's* a poet, while the man who wrote *Little Boy Blue*, *The Lytel Boy*, *Singing in God's Acre* and a hundred other fancies that have stirred the heart of humanity, remains "a writer of newspaper verses"? It is high time for the so-called "critics," if they are sensible, to put an end to a discussion that is at once contrary to the most palpable laws of common sense.

I am no lover of the typical magazine poetry, regarding many of these poets as mere word-heavers and lexicon searchers, but I protest against the Chicago estimate of Field, "one who finished the work that Shakespeare began."

Sir Joseph Crowe in his *Reminiscences of Thirty-five Years of My Life*, just published, gives this description of Dickens' father, who is supposed to be the original of Wilkins Micawber. John Dickens had charge of the reporter's room of the *Daily News*:

He was short, portly, obese, fond of a glass of grog, full of fun, never given to much locomotion, but sitting as chairman, and looking carefully to the regular marking and orderly despatch to the printers of the numerous manuscripts thrown off at lightning speed by the men from the gallery. It was his habit to come down to the office about eight at night, and he invariably in all weathers walked down Fleet street and turned into the passage leading into Whitefriars. Every night as regularly as clockwork he was relieved of his silk pocket-handkerchief by the thieves of the great neighboring thoroughfares, and he would deplore the loss in feeling terms when he tried to wipe the perspiration from his brow; for it was a peculiarity of his nature that he was always hot, whatever the weather might be. He maintained that he knew when his pocket was picked, but that he could not help himself, because the thief was too nimble and he too stout.

The *Critic* in its last issue speaks in terms of praise of the new book of short stories by Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley of Montreal (it referred to him as Mr. Oxley Macdonald a few weeks ago), which is entitled *My Strange Rescue*, and *Other Stories of Sport and Adventure in Canada*. "There is no country," it says, "in which all the elements of sport and adventure

Head Trouble.



Bertha—What seems to be the matter with Mrs. Chatter?  
Gertha—She's having trouble with her head.  
Bertha—Neuralgia?  
Gertha—No. She can't find a becoming bonnet.

(Copyrighted.)

most enticing for youth are more abundant than in Canada."

The Land of Promise, by Paul Bourget, is probably the strongest work by this author. It is a powerful novel of about four hundred pages, with fifteen full-page illustrations. Its subject is treated with much more interest than that of *Cosmopolis*, and the work is destined to become very popular. It is now in its second edition. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, cloth, \$1.50.

Byron, one bright morning, encountered Beau Brummel returning from his tailor's. "How are you, Brummel?" said the poet. "Pretty well, thank you," returned the beau; "I've been reading Don Juan." "Yes?" said Byron with a smile. "There is some clever rhyme in it." "So?" observed Byron, with affected surprise. "And some pretty good versification." "Ah!" returned the poet. "Why don't you try your hand at poetry, Byron?" asked Brummel. The two never spoke to one another again.

Dr. Max Nordau's drama, *The Right to Love*, has as yet received but little attention at the hands of the press. It is, nevertheless, meeting with a large demand in the United States. It was staged in Germany and most of the critics attacked it fiercely. It is a fearless, and, perhaps, too candid treatment of the case of a woman transferring her affections from her husband to another man. As usual, the other man is a cur—in real life the married woman's lover is always a cur and the woman finds him so in the end. This book is published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; cloth, \$1.50. (Toronto News Co.) J. R. WYE.

A Georgian Barbecue.

Mauds Andrews in *Harper's Weekly*. To be initiated into the mysteries of barbecue methods is the desire of everybody who has enjoyed communion with the product.

To the back of the eating-house, therefore, we follow the massive sheriff, until we come to the great roasting-pit. The Colonel—every Georgian is a Colonel—folds his arms with the pride of Alexander after his conquest of the world.

"That's the way we cook 'em," he says. The scene is unique and picturesque. Above the pit is a box of dried leaves, which, with the fragrance of the hickory bark beneath the carcasses, mingles an aromatic odor with the smoke from the roasting meat. At the head of the pit is a great brick oven with three tremendous pots, such as were used for boiling the bacon and cabbage for the field hands in slavery days. Two of these pots are filled with water for cleaning and scalding the meat, and in the other is that barbecue stew for which every barbecue boss has his own particular receipt.

"How is it made?" we ask of the tall black negro boy who stands stirring the concoction with a long hickory pole.

Hegrons from ear to ear, and then begins to elucidate the matter, leaving us not much wiser than at first.

"Well, yer see, yer jest takes de meat, de hog's haid, an' de libbers, an' all sorts er little nice parts, an' yer chops it up wid corn an' permattuses, an' injuns an' green peppers, an' yer stews an' stews till hit all gits erlike, an' yer kain't tell what hit's made uv."

"Turn dat pig over, an' put er little mo' fire under his back," says a big fat negro behind us, who like the Georgia Colonel looks as if he had been fed for a lifetime on barbecues.

Two men take hold of the clean hickory poles that are run through the crisp carcass, give them a turn, and the pig's back begins to frizzle.

"Lor, chile, hit makes me honkery ter see dat meat!" says a fat old negro cook, as she stands watching the performance with her arms akimbo. "Hit seems like pig an' 'possum is jes made fur fat niggers," and she gives a laugh as oily and jolly as her round black face.

In a big pot to one side of the pit a half-grown negro boy is ladling out the gravy to the waiters, who come with plates full of carved meats. He is a thorough type of that regular country dandy who in his childhood wears one shirt all summer, and supplements it in winter with a pair of trousers and one suspender. He croons a song to the measure of his dips into the gravy:

"An' we shall have some rabbit stew—  
Chillun, chillun, foller me—  
An' nice fried onions dipped in dew.  
Halle—halle—halle—hallelujah!"

The darkies, gnawing barbecued bones on the outside, smack their lips in approbation of the refrain.

The singer of the company, however, is the

great brawny black man whose duty it is to keep the fires burning in the coal-pit and to replenish the coals in the roasting-pit.

"He de leader in de singing on de boss's plantation," says the gravy-boy.

And one well might believe it, for like the notes of a great ebony organ arises his deep resonant voice, and so religious and solemn are his refrains that as he lifts the great logs into the pit one might fancy him some barbaric high priest feeding sacrificial fires:

"De sun went down in de purple extroms,  
De moon changed inter glow,  
Kif I git dar afore you do,  
King Jesus dewilder me."

This is the curious refrain set to such splendid music. And after its solemn cadences comes something lively in a regular jig-time, and all the helpers, the roasters and stowers and gravy-makers, and even the bone-grawers on the outer circle, put aside their occupation to pat their feet and hands and join the melody:

"Satan am er liar, hallelujah!  
Drive old Satan away;  
Drive 'im in de briar-patch, hallelujah!  
Drive old Satan away."

The bright scintillant atmosphere grows jubilant with the melody, until one can fancy that every microbe is having more than his measure of fun in witnessing the rout of the devil.

Yea, the picture is one well worthy to keep within the memory, for the Georgia barbecue is one of the few remaining feasts of *ante bellum* days left to the present generation—a feast typical, indeed, of that lavishness of living peculiar to the old South—a lavishness not elegant perhaps, often barbaric, indeed, but professed with the generosity and magnificence of monarchs.

A Little Story.

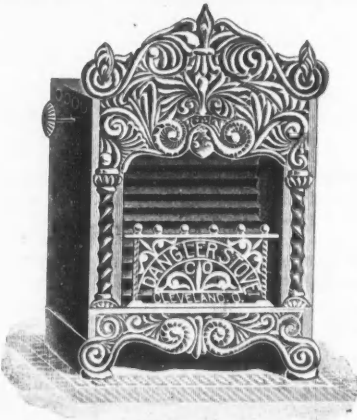
"Mamma, do you like stories?"  
"I like true ones, my child."  
"Shall I tell you a true one?"  
"Yes."

"But you might not like it."  
"Oh, yes, I should if you told it."  
"But it is quite short. Well, once upon a time there was a water-bottle—"

"Yes; go on."  
"And yesterday I broke it; but I'll never, ooh! ooh! do it again."

Unexpected Effect.

Bundes Alerlei.  
Mistress (who had given her maid a ticket for the theater)—Well, how did you like the performance, Alma?  
Alma—Oh! It was splendid, ma'am! You should have heard how a servant-gal sauced her missus!



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"No, sir."  
"Are you able to employ one?"  
"No, sir."  
"Do you want a lawyer to defend the case?"  
"Not particular, sir."  
"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"  
"Well, I'll, with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing, "I'm willin' to drop the case, far's I'm concerned."

**A Lawyer's Fee.**  
Pittsburgh Bulletin.  
Roscoe Conkling came into Charles O'Connor's office one day in quite a nervous state. "You seem to be very much excited," Mr. Conkling said Mr. O'Connor, as Roscoe walked up and down the room. "Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling; "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before." "Well, what's the matter?" asked O'Connor. "Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the

superior court and he was convicted; then to the supreme court, and the supreme court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years. I charged him six hundred dollars, and Gibbons is grumbling about it—says it is too much. Now, Mr. O'Connor, I ask you, was that too much?" "Well," said Mr. O'Connor, very deliberately, "of course you did a great deal of work, and six hundred dollars is not a big fee; but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is that he might have been convicted for less money."

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## Champlain the Explorer.

Following is a description sent in a congratulatory letter to the publishers by Mr. J. J. Tilley, Inspector of Model Schools for Ontario, which is well worth reproducing:

"The large oleograph, or oil-chromo, issued by the proprietors of SATURDAY NIGHT with the Christmas Number is certainly one of the finest ever sent out by that paper. Not only is it well executed and in every respect a thorough work of art, but the truly Canadian character of the scene and its incidents helps to foster a national spirit, so desirable, but so often absent in this country.

"Who that knows anything of the early history of Canada can fail to admire the intrepid spirit and indefatigable love of exploration of Champlain, who was ever ready to risk his life, if he thought he could add anything to the domains of his Master the King of France, whom he served most zealously?"

"Not only is this picture historically interesting, but it places before our eyes a type of vessel probably in use by the Indians on this continent for many years before its discovery by white men, but which is now fast disappearing. I allude to the large birch-bark canoes, commonly known by the voyageurs as 'Hudson Bay canoes,' from having been used by that company for its long and often perilous voyages, and which are still in use in far northern waters. They are probably the most handsome canoes ever made by savage races in any part of the world, and when we remember that they are made entirely from the bark of a tree and are capable of carrying from ten to twenty paddlers, with a liberal outfit, they must be regarded as wonderful vessels.

"In the front of the first canoe we see Champlain, with the lilies of France on the flag behind him, looking with intense interest towards the rocky land he is approaching. Near him sits a priest who was always ready to share every hardship and danger in order that Christianity might direct civilization, while his followers with their pennons and gay dresses, and the stalwart Indians, with their feathers and trappings, all assist to complete a picture which should be of interest to every Canadian and which should find an honored place in the home of every lover of art.

"The literary part of the Number is quite on a par with the work of the artist."



## THE DRAMA

The attraction at the Princess this week is an adaptation of a French play, bringing out characteristic features that are distinctly French and which, therefore, do not appeal so strongly to us as to the bright, sympathetic, mercurial nation for whose amusement it was originally written. The story is lugubrious and melancholy, and deals with the fortunes of several people who are pretty continuously in trouble of some kind or other throughout the piece. Even the village fete, which one would have thought might have been allowed to escape unharmed by the general mournfulness, is made the scene of a somewhat tragic situation, in which Fanchette in order to quiet the suspicions of M. de la Roche, who is her lover's father, who is much opposed to her as a prospective daughter-in-law, openly repudiates him and opens the way for another grief-bedecked interview with her lover, who is at first, of course, indignant, but is finally reconciled; and the play proceeds from one disastrous crisis to another, until finally even the obdurate old ruffian of a father succumbs to the general thaw of influences and becomes delightfully damp and sympathetic. He is the last victim, and his collapse ushers in the usual happy denouement.

Naturally, Miss Wallis, as Fanchette, could not escape contagion amid so much melancholy and moisture. But the depressing situations did for her what they did not do for the rest of the company; for she was able to infuse into the lighter scenes a warmth of spirit and brilliancy that were all the brighter and more distinct by contrast and attracted me to her at once. She is by nature splendidly equipped for the part, which is by no means an easy one to grasp, and gave a conscientious and careful rendition, which was attractive by reason of the fidelity with which different shades of feeling were delineated, alternating with consummate skill, grief, joy, anger, love, hatred and remorse, brightening all with a delicious, piquant vein of sarcastic by-play that was very attractive. She is clever—very clever; and deserves better of our press and people than she has received during this engagement. Mr. Frederick Paulding gave a spirited and vigorous interpretation of the part of Landry Barbeaud, and Miss Lucile Walker, as Old

Fadette, the supposed witch, thoroughly understood the character she played.

The advent of Miss Mabel Gardiner, of Toronto in Miss Wallis' support, caused much local interest. Miss Gardiner is very popular and has made many decided hits in amateur theatricals. It must be owned, though, that she has not yet acquired the ease necessary on the professional stage; but being possessed, as her friends allege, of ability and energy, in addition to beauty of person, rapid progress is prophesied. The support accorded Miss Wallis is not what it ought to be, and I am not afraid to predict that another season will bring Miss Wallis forward with such a supporting company as her charms and talents deserve. Managers will tumble over each other ere long to secure the services of this vivacious little sprite.

One good point about a vaudeville show is that if one specialty is not good, the next one may be, whilst at a play if one act is bad, the others cannot amount to much. Casman's Royal European Vaudeville—what a stunning name!—at the Toronto Opera House this week give a very good performance, but, like all similar companies, some of the specialties are better than others. It is not the only good company in the world, although it ranks well up among those now on the road. Mam'selle Flossie, "Europe's Greatest Chanteuse, and Danseuse Drolatique,"—and, by the way, I wonder how the boys in the gallery translate this line from Horace which the learned Mr. Casman has inserted in the bill of the play—despite her large place in the posters is not so much admired as are others. Perhaps the public does not know a really genuine Chanteuse when it sees one. Perhaps the boys in the gallery and the older folks in the orchestra chairs do not care a rap whether Mam'selle Flossie is a Drolatique or a Trilobite so long as she is pedigerous and not too pronouncedly of the pedicellina formation. She can sing and dance well enough, but, as I say, others are more popular who are described in English. Why are the vaudeville programmes made up so? Why does Mr. Casman himself show us "feats of Escamotage"? Bless if it does not look, in print, like the name of a foot disease!

Mr. Casman's specialties are fairly good, and his Psychognostic Bird is all right. The show all through is as worth seeing as is the programme worth preserving, and higher praise could not be spoken. The Manhattan Four suits me the best of all, although they give us but nonsense—as do Smith and Campbell in their *repertoire*, which is the next best item on the bill. The Wiltons can do some clever work on the bar—the horizontal bar, I mean, for there are others. There are plenty of good singers in the company, of whom it is but fair to add that Mam'selle Flossie Drolatique is one.

Mr. Callahan gave it to the Toronto people a little strong when he advertised himself as "America's Greatest Mephisto." He is so young in the role that I cannot begin to guess how his advance man will describe him after he has gained some experience as a star. He is not so bad. He might be worse. But we have seen Irving, Morrison and Griffiths play the part of Mephisto, and without question all three are superior to Callahan. The latter is, I understand, a graduate of Morrison's company, and it is not the first time that a servant has considered himself greater than his lord, nor the first time that an assistant has felt himself greater than his chief. But Callahan falls somewhat short of being the greatest Mephisto in America. He will no doubt improve, for he has many good points—he has a strong, keen face that lends itself to the diabolical expression necessary at times.

Miss Ingram as Marguerite will never rival Miss Florence Roberts. She appears to follow this model instead of having for herself a real conception of the part. The Faustus of Mr. Boring was boresome in the trying second act. This act is one of the most beautiful and tender in all drama, yet if it is not skilfully done it descends to a gushing scene of calf-love in a garden. There was some merit in Mr. Boring's work in the first and last act, but in the second he had a scared look when alone with Mephisto, as though he feared his companion; a dazed look, as though the sudden metamorphosis from age to youth through which he had suddenly passed had not been an altogether complete and finished job.

In Irving's presentation of Faust we get the poetic, the literary and the artistic with a fidelity that seems to somewhat sacrifice the dramatic interests, and I do not think that Mephisto will add in the least to Irving's repute as an actor. In truth and candor, I believe that Irving damaged his reputation in Toronto during his last visit. His decrepit, emaciated and rather impotent, though grandly malicious, devil, was not quite the thing; his King Arthur was a worn old man, and his week here might have been pronounced unsatisfactory but for his splendid work in *The Bells* and in the *Story of Waterloo* with which he closed his engagement. Morrison's presentation of Faust subordinates the artistic, the poetic and the literary to the dramatic where necessary, although he adheres to the best translation of the splendid lines of Goethe wherever he can. No part of Dr. Faust's wise reflections, or of Mephisto's satanic wisdom, is cut out of the lines. But nothing is allowed to interfere with the stage movements. Griffiths and Callahan have popularized Faust to suit those who do not care for the literature of Goethe or of Shakespeare, and the man at the Grand this week is the greater sinner of the two. Morrison has often been accused of this same offence, but until we get a greater Faust I shall stand by him.

It is said that it cost Sir Henry Irving \$75,000 to stage Faust when first produced at the Lyceum in 1888. The peal of bells in the church tower cost \$2,000. It might be added that when he produced *Henry VIII.* in 1892, it cost an equal sum, and the running expenses per week amounted to \$4,000.

Our American Cousin, as given in monologue by Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, drew the largest

audience that has gathered in Association Hall this season. Mr. Kleiser understands the art of giving monologue perfectly, and for two hours delighted the audience with his delineation of various characters, Asa Trenchard being handled with especial cleverness and effect.

In our last issue it was erroneously stated that Jack Harkaway, then being played at the Toronto Opera House, was owned by Mr. Jacobs. Mr. Sparrow is the owner, and, as it is a good thing, doesn't object to the fact being known.

One thing might be managed better in this city than it is. When boys and men are let into a theater on the understanding that they are to spank their hands together as each strong point is reached, a drill instructor in scarlet uniform should be placed among them to give the signal at the right time. Also, when "the boys" are instructed to demand a speech from the star, they should be made aware who the star is, and should know that the proper time to yell "Speech" is after the third act, and not after the first. Regular theater-goers would much appreciate these reforms, I am sure.

Many years ago one of the Parisian theaters came under the management—or, at least, the proprietorship—of a rich native of the Ottoman Empire, who nevertheless kept a keen eye on the accounts. Among the items of expenditure was one of three francs a week for meat for eight or ten cats kept to protect the canvas scenes, etc., from the ravages of the rats. This item was promptly disavowed by the Turkish proprietor, who wrote upon the margin of the bill the following dilemma: "If the cats eat rats, wherefore the meat? If they don't, wherefore the cats?"

The Toronto Opera House will next week present *Shaft No. 2*, which is one of the strongest of scenic melodramas. Mr. Frank Losee and Miss Marion Elmore play the leading roles, and both are well known to local theater-goers. It is stated, as a recommendation of the play, that the word "love" is not once used from first to last, although there is a love story in the plot. This is one good point. Another is that all the scenery and effects, from footlights to borders, are carried by the company. In the third act there are some unusual mechanical and electrical effects—the moon rises, the water of the running stream ripples in its light, the storm begins to gather, the rushing clouds rush over and soon hide the moon; then comes the storm with real jagged lightning, and one of these flashes kills the villain. It is something new—in fact, the play has many new features. The usual matinees will be given.

Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smiley are making a tour across the line, giving recitals in Buffalo, Tonawanda, Rochester, Batavia, Lockport and other places.

The seats have sold well in advance for Max O'Rell's lecture Monday evening, and a large audience is assured. We are anxious to know *The Happiest People in the World*.

Mrs. Langtry, who met with a very chilly reception in Toronto on her last visit, appears to be doing well enough in England. Most of her diamonds were stolen some time ago from the bank where they were deposited during her summer stay on the Continent. It will be remembered by those who saw her in *Gossip at the Grand* that she, as Mrs. Barry, offers her husband her jewels to save him from ruin. At Birmingham she said, "My jewelry—or what is left of it." The husband said, "But what on earth shall I do with it?" and Langtry answered, "Sell it, pawn it! I don't care, but don't send it to the bank." This is thought very cute of Langtry.

We have heard a great deal of the various extravaganzas and caricatures of Du Maurier's *Trilby*. About half a dozen of these were staged altogether in England and the United States, but *Trilby* is the one that outstripped the others. Manager Connelly has secured *Trilby* for next week at the Princess Theater. It is the joint production of Joseph W. Herbert, the comedian, and Charles Peurnier, the musician. Svengali is the central figure, and he hypnotizes everyone he runs across. The Princess is putting on good shows and those who do or do not know *Trilby* will enjoy *Trilby*.

Madame Sans-Gene will return to the Grand next week with Kathryn Kidder in the title role. This proved, when here last, an attraction of very superior merit. The play is really the best written for several years, and Miss Kidder quite captivated Toronto people on her former visit. Next week will see brilliant houses at the Grand.

In our interesting London letter last week our correspondent stated that Mr. Willard was playing *Dick Halward*. He had found Alabama a failure in London, partly because of its lack of action, but, no doubt, chiefly because of the failure of Englishmen to understand the

sentiment attaching to this story of the Northern and Southern States, a generation after the Civil War. Mr. Willard has now found it necessary to drop *Dick Halward*, it also proving a failure, and I understand that he is now appearing in *The Professor's Love Story*. The best thing he can do is to make another American tour, for he is valued on this side the pond.

An actor at the Carlo Theater in Vienna has just passed away, who had held a life engagement as the monkey in pantomimes, and who was simply indispensable in such parts as required remarkable agility and suppleness. When he was a young man, and first called on the manager to seek an engagement, he was refused with scant courtesy by that official, who was very busy, and who paid no attention to the young actor's plea that he did not know what he should do to earn his bread were employment refused him. Sadly and silently the youth turned away, and paused at the door in deep dejection, as if he hoped the manager might reconsider his decision, but the manager made no sign, and with a melancholy sigh the actor languidly scratched his ear with his foot, as if in perplexity what to do next. Everyone burst into uncontrollable laughter at this unexpected action, and he was engaged instantly.

## Impossible.



Could not tell a lie. (Copyrighted.)

## A Distinguished Audience.

London Weekly.

*Trilby* at the Haymarket had long been anticipated as the dramatic function of the season, and probably no audience since the revival of *Diplomacy* has been so representative of rank, fashion and artistic ability as the notable one which crowded Mr. Beerbohm Tree's theater at his *premiere*. The Prince and Princess of Wales occupied their usual box; Her Royal Highness was beautifully dressed in black, relieved by a maroon cloak, her ornaments being diamonds. The Duchess of Fife wore a singularly unbecoming high-necked evening dress; Miss Knollys was in attendance, and Countess Gleichen also occupied a seat. In the opposite lodge sat Mrs. Beerbohm Tree with a large party, which included Mr. and Mrs. George Du Maurier. She subsequently held a reception on the stage. Lord Dunraven was in the stalls; Mr. Arthur Pinero, who brought his wife, sat next to Mr. Bernard Shaw; Mrs. Asquith held a little group entranced between the acts, and Sir Henry Thompson was felicitated on his victory in the Law Courts; Lord William Neville was close to Lord Salisbury's secretary, Mr. Schomberg MacDonnell. Sir Augustus and Lady Harris were cheered on their entry. Mr. Harry Furness came to appreciate the success of his old *confere*, while the Bar was heavily represented by the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Charles Mathews, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Gill, Mr. Asquith, Sir George Lewis and Sir Edward Clarke. Among habitual first-nighters were: Dr. Crichton Browne, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Hamilton Alde, Lord and Lady Henry Fitzgerald, Mr. Home Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. Music sent Mr. Bispham and Mr. Eaton Fanning. Literature, Mr. Traill, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Haddon Chambers and Dr. Brandes, the Scandinavian dramatist. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley was aloft, while more illustrious artists present included Sir Arthur Bloomfield, Mr. Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, Mr. Dicksee and Mr. Goodall. Miss Florence St. John was in the stalls, and Mrs. Ivan Caryll in the center of the balcony.

## True.



She—I think Miss Solo has a miserable voice. He—Yes, it's not what it's cracked up to be.

(Copyrighted.)

## To the Sun.

For Saturday Night.

Oh great and glorious orb! Oh king of kings!  
Thou sitest on thy throne without dispute;  
Thou here below thee, every nation rings  
With discord's strife, and thou alone art music.  
Long hast thou soared through countless years on high,  
And viewed this humble earth, thou monarch of the sky!

Art thou the propagator of that power,  
Which Thales' genius in electron found?  
Hast thou deposited thy heat, for our  
Convenience, in that anthracitic ground?  
And those black spots, say, what do they portend?  
If thy extinction, then, our lives must end.

We break into this crust of earth, and wonder,  
At fossils, age old, by which 'tis proved  
Eruptions great have rent our globe asunder;  
Thou wert the cause, and yet thou art unmoved.  
These scientific jungles solve, I pray,  
Though thou art ninety million miles away.

Thou wert as now, while history of yore  
Was generated in the womb of time;  
When Cyrus, Xerxes and Darius were  
Worn crowns, or Menes was in all his prime;  
Before Democritus or Cleo talked;  
Ere Euclid in his cradle had been rocked.

Religions, creeds and schemes disappear;  
Though Zoroaster's Zerd is now no more,  
Mohammed and Confucius still are here,  
And Buddhism's cabalistic lore;  
But Christ revealed himself to us, and then  
His message, "Peace on earth goodwill toward men!"  
IRWIN J. T. MURPHY.

## In High Park.

For Saturday Night.

One might keep a dream forever  
In this quiet little dell,  
Listening only to a bird note  
Or the water's distant swell.

Thou'lt yonder lies the city,  
Tower and turret, church and mark,  
There is wafted here no echo  
Of the city's throbbing heart.

Here Spring her emerald mantle threw,  
And Summer strew'd her flowers,  
And Harmony came here to dwell  
Thro' all the golden hours.

The breeze whispered but of peace,  
As the wing'd hours flew by,  
The sky is changing overhead,  
From blue to sadder dye.

The tall pines choir together now;  
The maple's leaves are brown;  
The white birch stands to welcome  
The snowflakes wandering down.

Thou'lt yonder lies the city  
No throb from its mighty heart  
Comes to mar the mystic silence  
Of this little world apart.

WYNDHAM BROWNE.

## A Sweet Girl's Adventure.

[NOTE.—The *Notes* having failed to secure anything very striking in the way of a poem beginning "Charley had, etc.," we commissioned one of our divinest poets to try, with the result below.]

Charley had a safety cycle  
With a rubber tire,  
No one knowing what it's like 'll  
Ever ride a higher.

Charley was our own reporter,  
Loved a pretty girl,  
And when he could he'd court her,  
Take her for a while.

Charley thought he was bewitching,  
On her wheel she'd ride,  
In her knickerbocker breeching,  
Charley by her side.

Spinning one day in her saddle,  
Pretty little elf,  
She was tempted to skeddaddie  
Somewhere by herself.

Miles away upon her cycle,  
Bless her little soul!  
She encountered old "Prince Michael"  
Of the "Flying Roll."

High up on an old veloco-  
Pede Prince Michael sat,  
Shook of hair I never saw so  
Long beneath a hat.

This disreputable Nestor,  
Bowed and shook his curls,  
Smug and smiling he addressed her,  
"Prestissimo, Glee!"

"I'm a connoisseur of ladies,  
Come and be my Queen,  
You're the sweetest one, by Hades!  
I have ever seen."

Fear she showed in every feature,  
Being all alone,  
"Keep away! you nasty creature!  
You shall soon be shown."

Up to one—to one, whose name is  
Charley. Villain! Scoot!  
You can never know what shame is,  
"Cause you are a brute."

"Well," says Michael, "you amuse me,  
Pretty little man!  
I don't know why you abuse me,  
Just because you can."

"If you wear a cock-brill collar,  
And a cock-brill coat,  
Marooned in cock-brill trousers,  
Foil a cock-brill vote."

"Why should you pass for a pullet,  
In this male attire?  
One would almost risk a bullet  
That he might acquire."

Just that moment Charley grabbed him;  
On pneumatic tire  
He had flown, and so he nabbed him.  
That cost him a fair.

Limped away, could not go faster,  
Trundling off his wheel,  
Looking for some sticking plaster  
Damages to heal.

MORAL.  
To protect, as well as court her,  
No one like our own reporter.

THE OTHER MAN.  
The ball-room, although crowded,  
Is like a desert climate;  
The band, though led by Sousa,  
Is playing out of time.

The beauty of the women  
Has palled upon my taste;  
And never has existence  
Seemed such a barren waste.

The world has lost its brightness,  
And I am in despair;  
For Mabel, with the other man,  
Is flirting on the stairs.

—E.E.



BY H. G. WELLS.

THE CHATTERING DISCS OF RECORDS, ONLY TWO-



**The Earl and Countess of Dudley.**

friendly intercourse attending his visit would

France in Lord Mayoral state, which no predecessor had ever done; he entertained French dignitaries of state, including even the President, and in his speeches on these occasions manifestly regarded himself as of vast international importance. He said that the friendly intercourse attending his visit would

In the meantime, though Mr. Austin's prospects are probably blighted by the foregoing suggestion, it may interest some to relate a little story that is going the rounds in regard to him. On the death of the Duke of Clarence he sent to a morning paper some mourning verses, for which the editor returned him a cheque for twenty-five pounds, but the poet sent it back with the statement that "he could not accept payment on account of a nation's tears." When the Duke of York married his brother's *fiancee*, Austin sent the same journal an epitaphium. The editor this time failed to send a cheque, and was reminded of the fact by the poet. The editor recalled the former incident, but Mr. Austin replied that the cases were quite different. "Whilst I could not," he said, "consent to make money out of a nation's tears, there is no reason why I should not be paid for adding to a nation's smiles." As he had, in the first set of verses, referred to Princess May as inconsolable, it was necessary to take a sharp curve in the second set. That he managed this passing well shows that he has the tact of a court rhymist.

(Copyrighted )

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Society Actress—In what direction do you think my art lies? Critic—It lies in every direction. Society Actress—Indeed? Critic—Yes; particularly when it tells you that you are an actress.—*New York World.*

"That whisky is fifteen years old, I know it, because I've had it that long myself." The Colonel—By Jove! sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control.—*Life*.



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## Short Stories Retold.

Even in our day there are persons who can sympathize with the aspiration of Dr. Johnson in connection with the execution of a piece of music which he was informed was so very difficult: "I would, madam, that it were impossible."

A well known London hatter once met an acquaintance who owed him for the hat he wore. The hatter, who was accompanied by a friend, lifted his hat to his debtor, but the latter made no sign of recognition. "He does not salute you," said the hatter's friend. "No," said the hatter; "I think he might at least touch my hat to me!"

When Mr. David Dear (winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisle) was a law student, he once attended an At Home. On the servant asking his name, he replied: "David Dear." The girl blushed and said: "Yes, yes; but what is your other name, sir?" He assured her that he had no other name. But it was of no use; the servant knew better, and announced him as "Mr. David."

Signor Crispi and Cardinal Hohenlohe are close friends. When the Italian Premier was visiting the cardinal one day, he took up the latter's red hat and was examining it, when the cardinal put it on his head and said: "What a fine cardinal you would make. If you had been a priest, I am sure you would have become one." I should have become Pope," answered Crispi.

M. Paul du Chailu, the famous explorer, is still a bachelor, but, he says, "I have had more offers than most men. Once, in Africa, the king of a tribe, who loved me dearly, offered me a choice of eight hundred and fifty-three women. 'Sire,' said I, 'to take one would leave eight hundred and fifty-two jealous women on the earth.' His solution was immediate. 'Take 'em all,' said he. But I am a bachelor still."

One of Mr. Arthur Balfour's brothers being an ardent apostle of the aesthetic school, was once discussing the subject of art-culture with Lord Salisbury. Finding the prime minister anything but responsive to his theories, he observed, "I am afraid, uncle, you are a sad Philistine." "In that case," Lord Salisbury responded, "I am not the first who has suffered from the jaw bone of an ass." Rather harsh remark; besides, the jaw-bone retort is rather worn.

It is told of a certain bishop that, while dining at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy and asked: "Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a glance at the bishop's knee-breeches. "You're all right; only (hesitatingly), 'won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?'"

A Scottish lady invited an elder in a Free Church to have supper with her, and a piece of remarkably tough veal was placed on the table. After some frantic endeavors to cut it, during which the elder's plate landed on his knees, the lady said: "Ye aye said there was something to be thankful for in everything; I'm thinkin' ye wad be at a loss to fin' something to be thankful for in that veal." "Not at all," he responded cheerfully, stopping to breathe. "I wis just thinkin' hoo grateful I woud be that we met with it when it was young."

One of the Portuguese kings—who has Semitic blood in his veins—married a bigoted wife, who once persuaded him to order the banishment of all Jews, and to issue a decree commanding that all those who were in any way "tainted" with Hebrew blood should wear white hats, in order that they might be recognized and subjected to ostracism. The prime minister, finding remonstrances ineffective, pretended compliance with the edict, and presenting himself before his majesty, drew forth from under his cloak two white hats, which he solemnly placed upon the table. The astonished king enquired the meaning of the extraordinary action of the premier. Said the latter: "I have come prepared to obey your majesty's commands, with one hat for you and the other for myself." The king had the good sense to laugh and to cancel the decree concerning the hats.

## Between You and Me.

I WAS talking to-day with the Kirk minister who has just returned from Palestine. The Kirk minister is a bit of a scamp, for all his long face, and we're old cronies. "Talk about heat," he remarked, in his peculiarly dry and sometimes plaintive tones; "the mercury was at 110 in the shade as we rode through yon dunyry. I in a straw hat and some fig-leaves," then he made a wicked pause before he continued, "In the crown of it." I suggested that we change the conversation, but he was not to be switched off. "You might parade through Alexandria and Cairo in your night-gown," said he, with a twinkle in his eyes (that fugitive twinkle that comes in Scotch eyes, a will-o'-the-wisp of a laugh), "and nobody would take any notice of you; but just dress yourself in your best and you're mobbed by beggars and nuisances of every sort. And the minute things which plagued the Egyptians are still to the fore; there was a Methodist minister with me (the will-o'-the-wisp developed into a bon-fire), and he had a bad time of it with them." These charming Orientalisms were cut short by the arrival of the rest of the party, and the Kirk parson merely added, with much sincerity, "I wish you'd been there too." Thank you, no! With the passion of travel strong in me, I have never turned my longings to the East, where the mercury soars to 110, and creeping things abound. Toronto microbes and Farmers' day at the Exhibition last fall are enough!

To-day, also, I looked in on the "auld wife" and her spinster daughter. The former is one of the people who make me forget how old I am; for the sound of her voice and the look of her somehow cast a spell over me, and my flaring skirts creep up and show small shoes and chubby ankles, and calves that were, in their time, wonders; and the wedding ring fades off my finger and is replaced by a circlet of pewter with a heart in red sealing-wax upon it, the badge and sign of my betrothal to a certain white-headed old Irishman who ensnared my child-heart with bull-eyes and ginger-cakes, how many years ago I don't intend to remember. And a certain childish desire to be taken up on some capacious lap and crooned to, comes over me with a rush, and only the tremulous voice of the auld wife, asking politely after Mr. Gay, drags me out of the dream of "lang syne" which the sight of her called back to me. For the calves don't now parade before the public eyes, nor are ankle-straps worn by middle-aged persons, and the dear old short-winded Irishman to whom my youthful troth was plighted lies very quiet and well-nigh forgotten in some dark hole in the ground, and I don't believe I could relish bull-eyes or ginger-cakes, for their season is past. How one's child-life cries out sometimes, the dear, far, busy, useless playtime, which looks from here and now, like the daguerotypes we had taken then. And we look and laugh, and suddenly shut them up in their cases with a sigh!

The child life is strong upon me to night, for I am writing this column all alone in the house in which I was born. It is an old house, full of mutterings and groanings and sighs, as are all old houses on windy nights. And the ticking of the clock says, "Look back!" and the snap of the wood in the stove says, "Hark!" and there are whispers all about me, and footsteps, and the breath of those who are gone is on my cheeks and their shadows pass to and fro, and should any of them come in at the door which stands open before me I should scarcely be surprised. A wise woman told me the other day that we may sometimes do a wrong to our dead in our longing after them, for we may by force of yearning bring their free souls back to earth and hamper and hinder their progress, and in our strong desire that they should know we have not forgotten them we may do them this strange and unthought-of injury. Perhaps you don't believe she was a wise woman.

There is a revival service being held here, in the quiet old Church of England, and people are crowding the pews and vainly crowding the doors to hear somebody preaching the story of the Cross. And they are talking everywhere about the preacher. Always the preacher, and his fine delivery, and his magnetic power, and his persuasive ways, and his six foot-two, and so on. Never a word do they say, these talkers, about the real thing—the preacher, the preacher! They never say, "Have you been to hear about the Christ?" Not a bit of it; but, "Have you been to hear Mr. —?" I abhor revivals, because they put meringue on the bread-board and say, "Take and eat." Because they, in short, deceive us through the most subtle and sensitive part of us—our emotions, and because such deceptions blind us to the realities of life and the meaning of worship. It makes me shudder to hear a knot of smart, capable people howling, "Oh, to be nothing!" and it makes me want to laugh to catch a rather tripping melody set to such words as "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," but it is a sad laugh. Revivals often act in a church like old rye on the poor body who tips it. Strength comes, self-assertion, abandon, collapse, and then the last state is worse than the first. "Simply believe" has hung a curtain before many eyes and lulled many a soul to sleep, while the hours that were meant for striving slipped speedily by. Not long ago I was standing chatting with one of the hardest-worked persons in Canada. A man passed us and lingered for the parson. I did not need to be told the parson desired to avoid him; his face betrayed it, and so I rattled into a long tirade and the man went on his way. "Who is he?" I enquired. The parson answered, "Oh, he's the most consummate liar I ever met. I won't have anything to do with him," and he entered into particulars which explained. This man was not only a reputed falsifier, but is and was one of the most successful revivalists who ever crowded the pews of a fashionable church with able-bodied sinners who wanted emphatically to be nothing.

And as if the Kirk minister and his fig-leaves, and the auld wife and her daughter, who abhors and is "scarf" of a man, and the home walls about me were not enough, there

must happen in the woman who nursed me in my baby days. The woman who, in her sweet, Scotch, deliberate way, addresses me, Quaker-fashion, by the name of my baptism, and kisses me with the same solid smack she has given me for—ahem!—many years. And verily I feel like staying here and never going back to the dear, kind people of Toronto, whom I have learned to love these last few years. There are old maids and widows here who look just as they did twenty years ago, and Toronto begins to be the dream and the child-life the reality as I look upon them. I wonder how long it would be before I should hear a whisper of some grand singer, and think of the great hall and its pretty lights, and alcoves, and boxes, and its sea of faces turned toward the woman who warbled songs of the heart! Nay! the child-life must needs fade away, for it is but a dream, and the city with its turbulent heart calling out in joy, or pain, or sorrow, or pride, echoes louder and deeper the music of life to me.

LADY GAY.

## Garibaldi at Naples.

A writer who reached Naples a few days after the event heard from the lips of the people an account of the taking of that city by Garibaldi. The king was still there; the Neapolitan police were sullen and inactive; what the action of the military would be was not known, and upon it depended the fortune of the hour. The people turned out in a body to witness the arrival of Garibaldi. Numbers of them climbed upon the engine and cars of the slowly approaching train which bore the general and his staff to the city. Entering a carriage with Cozzani, Garibaldi started, followed by three other carriages containing his officers of staff. The fortress of St. Elmo bristled with guns and gunners, and they were ordered to fire and clear the streets with grape-shot as soon as the Garibaldians were within range. On the carriage came slowly, amid a roar of "vivas." As it approached the guns of Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen, with lighted matches in their hands, pointed the guns. At that moment the voice of Garibaldi rose above the uproar, commanding: "Slower! slower! Drive slower!" This he reiterated until the frightened coachman instinctively obeyed the man whom no one disobeyed. Then, under the very mouth of the guns and before the gunners, who were already under orders to "Fire!" Garibaldi rose to his feet in the carriage, with one hand on his breast, and looked fixedly at the artillerymen. A silence fell upon the tumultuous crowd: those who were present declared it was as if Garibaldi magnetized them. Three times the order to fire was given, and with his own fate and Italy's in the balance, the General stood looking upon the men. At the third order the gunners flung away their matches, threw their caps in the air and shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!" The city was taken.

## A New Day, New Ideas.

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## A Temperance Lesson.

Newblood—Take something, Sniggles?  
Sniggles—No, thanks. I haven't drunk a drop of anything since I was a young man.  
"What was the matter. Afraid it would get the better of you?"  
"No; but it was the cause of ruining my entire life."

"You don't say! How did it happen?"  
"When I was about your age I ran around with the boys and foolishly filled myself with liquor the same as you are now doing. One evening while under the influence of the vile stuff, I called on a certain young lady to whom I was paying considerable attention, and proposed to her."

"Great Scott! I suppose she met your offer with a refusal and requested that you never darken her door again?"  
"No, she didn't; she accepted me."

## Many a Young Man.

When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health falls and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

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Lift.  
Gladys—What are you going to do when you leave college?  
Tom—Oh, live on my income, I guess.  
Gladys—A man as clever as you might do something to prove his cleverness.  
Tom—Living on my income would prove me one of the cleverest financiers of the age.

## A Trifling Omission.

S. JACQUES POST.  
A young type-writer had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before and was somewhat nervous. The lawyer settled himself back in his chair and began dictating a brief. He had pegged away about five minutes, when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face.  
"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer.  
"Would you mind saying that all over again?" the girl asked, with eyes full of tears.  
"Why?"  
"I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"

## A Grateful Letter.

A Prince Edward Island Lady Speaks for the Benefit of Her Sex.

Had no Appetite, Was Pale and Easily Exhausted—Subject to Severe Spells of Dizziness and Other Distressing Symptoms.

TIGNISH, P.E.I., May 30, 1895.

To the Editor of L'Impartial:

Dear Sir,—I see by your paper the names of many who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I ought to let my case be known, as I am sure that many women might be benefited as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. I had a tired feeling, being exhausted at the least exertion. I had no appetite and was very pale. I sometimes felt like lying down never to rise. A dizziness would sometimes take me causing me to drop where I would be. During these spells



A Dizziness Would Overtake Me.

of dizziness I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I had lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and hope revived. I ordered more and continued taking the pills for three months and I must say that to-day I am as well and strong as ever and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you this that others may be benefited by them.

MRS. WILLIAM PERRY.

After reading the above letter we sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry, and she repeated what she had already stated in her letter. Her husband, William Perry, and her father, Mr. J. H. Lander, J.P. and fishery warden, corroborated her statements.—Ed. L'Impartial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make pure rich blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. They cure when other medicines fail, and are beyond all question the greatest life-saving medicine ever discovered. Sold by all dealers, but only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in loose form by the hundred or ounce are imitations and should be avoided, as they are worthless and perhaps dangerous.

## The Stammering Friar.

El Morqillo.  
"Why do you sign your name Juan B. B. Bustillos?"  
"Because I was christened so by a friar who had an impediment in his speech."

## Bulbs and Plants.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., 130 and 132 King street east, have a magnificent stock of chrysanthemum plants in bloom, comprising all the standard colors, at prices that place this favorable autumn flower within the reach of all. They also offer some very choice collections of Dutch flowering bulbs which they are able at this late season to sell at remarkably low prices.

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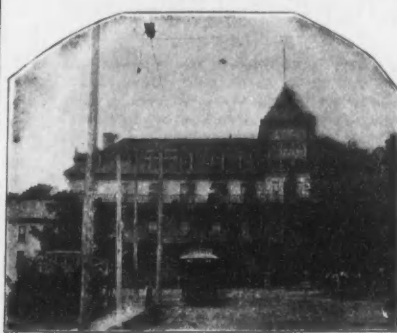
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At 79 King street west are on view the works of some of our best artists, as well as valuable pictures by foreign artists. A collection of pastels by Mr. G. A. Reid will be of great interest to any art-lover; they are all small, full of fresh air and sunshine. It seems as if with this medium the artist has caught swift impressions and passing effects in a most delightful way. Among the best of these are a winding roadway in purple shadow, with brilliant sunshine on the green foliage at the end of the vista; an old barn made interesting from the light and atmosphere diffused throughout the picture; a country road on which a team and wagon have been stopped to give the driver a chance to talk with the foot passenger, whose easy lounging attitude is well caught; and in several there appear two little figures—the same two—grouped differently in each case. Both for the pleasure to be derived from their study and the interest that may be felt in a somewhat unused medium, these sketches will be well worth visiting. Among other good things in the galleries are several fine landscapes by Ernest Parton; two dreamy canvases by Carl Ahrens; a landscape by Teend King; Mr. Wylly Grier's fine portrait of Chief Justice Meredith; several flower studies by Mrs. M. H. Reid, the field daisies in the blue bowl given with a breadth and delicacy that almost surpass anything yet done by this artist; a portrait group by Mr. J. W. L. Forster; a portrait and several water-colors by Mr. F. M. Knowles. Mr. Manly, Mr. Bell-Smith and others of our own artists are represented, as well as such American and European artists as Peter Moran, Theo. Yarrath, Gustav David, R. Hillingford, and many others. A half hour spent here will give the mind food for thought, supply a series of pictures pleasant to recall, and create the wish for another look. The Art Students' League are to occupy one of the galleries for their annual exhibition some time in December, and a wise move too. Many a one will drop in there whose desire is not great enough to carry the desire up three flights of stairs to the haunts of the League.

It is stated that the \$50,000 paid to Purvis de Chavannes for the decoration of the new Public Library of Boston is the largest price he has ever received. For his decorations in the museum at Amiens, which are said to be his best work, he got only \$10,000. Marselles got two of his decorations for \$2,000. Lyons got four decorations for \$8,000. Rouen got three decorations for \$4,400. For the work in the Sorbonne he received only \$7,000, for that in the Pantheon, \$10,000, and for various decorations in the new Hotel de Ville of Paris, \$32,000. The decoration in the Sorbonne is the largest work he has done. It measures eighty-nine feet in length by eighteen feet in height. The Boston decoration comes next; and the entire series in the latter place will be, when completed, more expensive than any other.

Miss L. Beresford Tully has begun a course of study in her classes, in carving, for amateurs, which has many good features. In this some very artistic designs, prepared in the South Kensington School, may be executed that are suitable for use in household decoration, such as paper-holders, ornamental boxes, music-racks, or other small articles of household furnishing. These may be taken up with the more serious study of the more difficult designs, or may be the goal of the artist's ambition as they come within the compass of the ordinary beginner. I learned from Miss L. B. Tully that Miss S. Strickland Tully has, with an artist friend, spent a most enjoyable summer in the south-west of Scotland, the land of the "Raiders" and "Men of the Moss Hags," and while there taught a large class in outdoor sketching. She has now returned to London and begun classes there for the winter, and has also ahead considerable work in the shape of commissions for portraits, most of these to be in pastel, in which medium this artist has been most successful.

The portrait exhibition in New York city, in aid of St. John's Guild, has been a decided social, as well as artistic, success. An exhibition composed entirely of portraits is somewhat monotonous, especially when many of the portraits are of rich nobodies whom even the genius of a Donnat or a Carotus Duran could not idealize. Still, there is enough that is admirable and of the best quality to make a visit to the exhibition a very interesting one.

There seems to be some difficulty, easily explained no doubt if all were known, over the illustrations by Mr. A. H. Heming of Hamilton, to the first instalment of Mr. Caspar Whitney's account of his snowshoe trip to the Barren Grounds. Some of these illustrations bear Mr. Heming's name, and Mr. Heming's friends naturally feel indignant. As both artists are illustrating the article, things no doubt have got slightly mixed.

The demand for decorated china certainly seems on the increase, and the supply consequently keeps pace well. The number of artists in ceramics is increasing in our city, and among them Miss E. Hannaford is rapidly

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Elsie—Is it wrong to fall in love, mother?  
Mother—Um-er-how much is he worth?

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taking rank among the first. Last week her studio was open for the display of her work and that of her pupils, and those who knew and were interested were not slow to use the privilege. Miss Hannaford's decorations are characterized by originality and freedom as well as feeling for color; nearly all the designs of flowers were from the originals, and many new blossoms not often seen, such as sweet peas, nasturtiums, and many wild flowers, were used. Throughout all there is a freedom and dash that bespeaks the good draughtsman—or draughtswoman. Some beautiful color in the Doulton ware was in soft pinks and browns and greens. A rose-jar of brilliant green with a portrait of Josephine as medallion in front was very fine. In several dishes—Jardinières, fern-holders, trays—dashes of dark reds and blues and greens were used most effectively, always with flower combinations that were suitable. A tray on which golden-rod and thistle were in beautiful contrast was admirable. Miss Hannaford, as well as many others, has sent work to the exhibitions of ceramics in Montreal, London and Winnipeg.

The Woman's Art Association holds its annual sketch exhibition, from December 2, which is private-view day, until the 7th, at the studio (room 89, Canada Life Building), which will be open each day from ten a.m. until six p.m.

Rev. Walter Pierce of New Orleans has established free classes in art at the Church of the Messiah in that city. His idea is that the best sort of religion is that which administers as well to the temporal as to the spiritual needs of the people, helping them thereby to help themselves in all lines of living.

A New York exchange says: "Henry Sandham, the well known Boston illustrator and painter, has been commissioned by the Hotel Gladstone of that city to paint a series of six pictures for the decoration of its cafe. They will be executed in water-color." Are we never to get credit for our artists abroad?

Baron Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer was all attention. He brought out his rare old pictures, dusted them and set them in the best light. "Look at this Rembrandt; quite authentic, M. le Baron." "Authentic, you say! You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic." "Oh! oh!" said the dealer; "why, you are a connoisseur, M. le Baron." "I" observed Rothschild, with a sigh; "if I had gone into the old curiosity business I should have a fortune."

The Ladies' Home Journal announces that it has secured the exclusive rights to republish Albert Lynch's famous painting, The God-mother, over which the French art critics raved when it was exhibited. It will appear on the January cover of the magazine. The picture is said to more clearly present Mr. Lynch's typical woman—a dainty, spirituelle beauty—than anything he has yet offered the public. The original is owned by Mrs. Alfred C. Harrison, who purchased the painting in Paris last year at an unusually large figure.

Probably no two artists ever criticized each other more severely than did Fuseli and Northcote; yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fuseli was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote, after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fuseli promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel!"

**Another County Heard From.**  
Reference was made in these columns last week to the magnificent record of the Lakehurst Institute treatment for alcoholism in an Eastern town. This week, from the village of Wellington, in the county of Prince Edward, there has come news even more gratifying. During the past eighteen months twelve of the best known drinking men from this picturesque locality have made the pilgrimage to Oakville, and our advice are that there is not a failure in the lot. Every man is a living, speaking example of the complete success which has invariably attended a course of treatment with us. Had these been dependent upon their will power during that time, in order to abstain from the use of intoxicants, probably not one could have stood the test. Their unanimous testimony now is that liquor is no temptation to them; they know that the stuff will do them harm, therefore they abstain. The treatment at Lakehurst Institute removes the disease, eliminates the alcohol from the system, and makes them free men, and their intelligence prevents them from putting the shackles on again. Toronto office, 25 Bank of Commerce Building. Phone 1163.

It Depended.

## May Broom of Bradninch.

A very pretty name, indeed, is May Broom. The name Bradninch is not pretty, but that fact is not chargeable, probably, against any of the good people who live there; and May Broom lives there among the rest. And we are glad to state, furthermore, that she is healthy and happy now, as every little girl should be. For when full-grown folk are ill we may be sorry for them, but we somehow feel that they have managed to deserve it; whereas the sufferings of the little ones seem contrary to nature's justice. Yet what is nature's justice? Ah! dear, that is a question to make us scratch our heads under the edge of our thinking caps.

In the summer of 1891 May Broom was seven years old. Living in the country her cheeks ought to have looked like peach blossoms, and her voice to have sounded like a brook of laughter in the air. Alas, however, for the gap that opens between what ought to be and what is. It was in that very summer that May's father took her to Sampford-Parverell, near Tiverton, in Devonshire, to stop awhile with her grandmother, hoping that a change of air might do the child good. For some time previously she had not been well, yet so elusive and mysterious did her malady appear to all that no form of treatment was intelligently adopted. Medicine to plenty were given, but none of them produced any good result. She was always tired, weary and languid, and her strength grew less and less without an obvious reason. Her appetite was poor, and after eating she complained of pain at her stomach and chest. Medicine having failed a final hope was placed in a change of scene and air, as we have said.

Alluding to what occurred after the girl's arrival at Sampford-Parverell, her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Broom, in a letter dated Feb. 28th, 1893, says: "I grieve to say that the change disappointed us; it did her no good; she could take only light food, and received no strength from it. She would sit by the fire for hours together, never speaking or noticing anything. At other times she would lie down the greater part of the day, as if too weak to move. When I took her out of doors she was spent and wished to rest. The poor girl seemed to be gradually wasting away, and her pale face and almost transparent skin were sad and melancholy to look upon. She had all the appearance of one in a decline, and people who saw her said she would never get better. One day I was in Miss Kerslake's shop and was induced by her to try for my granddaughter a remedy which is said to have saved many young persons after both physicians and friends had given them up to die. I bought a bottle, and began giving this medicine to May, with a faint hope that it might help her. In a fortnight she began to improve. This both surprised and delighted us, as you will readily believe. Afterwards she got stronger every day, and in three months she returned to her home in good health, and has aided nothing since. My son asked me what medicine I had given the child, and I told him that Seigel's Syrup had made a new girl of her. Yours, (Signed) ELIZABETH BROOM."

As confirmatory of the case as already stated, we add the following from the lady referred to by Mrs. Broom: "I remember May Broom coming to this place to stay with her grandmother in the summer of 1891. The child looked as if far gone in consumption, and I recommended Mrs. Brown to send her back home as I thought she could not live long. However, I persuaded Mrs. Broom to try Seigel's Syrup for May, thinking it would do her no harm if it did her no good. To my astonishment and to that of the neighbors the child began to improve rapidly, and was strong when she returned home to Bradninch." (Signed) Miss Susan Kerslake, Kerslake's General Warehouse, Sampford Parverell, February 28, 1893.

Had little May Broom really been far gone in consumption, as Miss Kerslake and other's feared, she might have been lying under the daisies this summer of 1893. But her ailment was indigestion and lack of good, strong, red blood. That was all, but it was enough; and but for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup it would have been as fatal as consumption, which it resembles. What a lesson for parents is in this episode in the life of little May Broom.

## Trouble at Once.

Mrs. Perkins (calmly reminiscent)—Jonathan, we've bin married forty years next Tuesday, an' never had a cross word yet.  
Mr. Perkins—I know it. I've stood yer jawin' purty well.  
Mrs. Perkins—Jonathan Perkins, you're a mean, hateful, deceitful old thing, an' I wouldn't marry you again for love nor money.

## Wabash Montezuma Special.

Every morning at 11:03 this superlatively equipped train leaves Dearborn station, Chicago, and starts on her flight towards the land of the setting sun, arriving at St. Louis same evening, giving passengers one hour to view the new depot, the largest and finest passenger station in the world. The train then heads due south, arriving at Hot Springs, Ark., next morning, Texarkana noon, San Antonio following morning, and Laredo same evening, where direct connection is made with through train, for the City of Mexico. Timetables and pamphlets of Mexico and this great railway, from any R. R. agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## A Big Handful.

Passing along Princes street, Edinburgh, one day, a herculean Scots Grey stopped and called

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AWARDED  
**GOLD MEDAL**  
AT SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1894  
Besides 9 Other GOLD SILVER and BRONZE Medals  
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a shoeblack to polish his boots. The feet of the dragon were in proportion to his height, and the boy, looking at the tremendous boots before him, knelt down on the pavement, and called upon a chum near at hand:  
"Jamie, come over and give a hand, will ye? I've got an Army contract!"

## Fibre Chamois Has Come to Stay.

From November Number of Dry Goods Review.  
We live in an age of innovations, where new things in every line of business spring into life, are tried on their merits, and then either disappear from view as failures or else become so much a part of the established order of things that we forget we ever did without them. Not long ago Fibre Chamois was an innovation, but now its practical worth has established it firmly as a necessity to the dressmaker and tailor. The double value it offers makes it desirable for every lady: To get the necessary stiffness and at the same time a comfortable, storm-defying warmth, and all for a few cents, is irresistible. In the States nearly all the uniforms of men with outdoor work, such as policemen, railroad people, street-car men, and others whose clothing is made by contract, have a lining of Fibre Chamois through the coat and vest. And this is a good point of advantage for a clothing man offering tenders for such work. Great warmth is thus given without adding bulk or weight, and a much lighter cloth may be used, and yet the result will be most satisfactory. Nearly all wide-awake clothing men have realized before this that such advantages are going to be insisted on by their customers, and have had lines made up in this way, thus providing an outfit with a better appearance and capacities for comfort unthought of before.

## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

**LACRIM**—Your second letter just opened; you were answered long ago. Tell me, didn't a third epistle turn up from you this week? The writing is very similar.  
**PHOBIX**—Your writing was delineated in the issue of August 17, 1895. At least someone of your name, whose study fits you passing well, is on the file for that date. You should watch out more carefully. I am a busy person.  
**A JAPANESE SPOOK**—This is quite a crude study, and shows little-learned, firm purpose, practical notions, a lack of tact and rather hasty and impulsive thought. The writer might be man or woman. The reasoning powers are not good. Writer is honest and painstaking, but not of marked ability.

**RICKETY LEGS**—Really, in this age of bloomers your *non de plume* is quite an overwhelming piece of candor. Your writing has a good deal of dash, ambition and force, and shows promise of some achievement later on. I do not think your character is quite developed. The study lacks refinement and shows a very material turn. Won't you wait a little longer?

**SWIFT**—This is a character of considerable force and impulse; one of the straightforward solid men of affairs who don't care particularly for appearances, but have a good eye to business. Some ambition, excellent temper, warm affection, tact for the beautiful, which, however, needs culture, and a little wavering of purpose, which I incline to ascribe to youth, are shown. There should be a fine future for the writer.

**NATALIE**—I don't believe you ever find it difficult to collect your thoughts, for you have wonderful concentration; plenty of force, tenacity, a slightly sharp temper, more nervous than resolute, bright mentality, culture and refinement. Unmistakably the hand of a lady, and a clever one, with excellent reasoning powers and a firm and constant will. The faults are, lack of receptivity, undue self-assertion and a certain angularity, which never, however, degenerates into awkwardness.

**YOUNG HUBBARD**—I. My favorite type-writer writes exactly like you. I am sure you would be successful as a clerk, in some position where the work demanded was not a methodical habit, but not responsibility. I am afraid that would worry you, and worry is death to one of your disposition. 2. As to your character, you love pretty things, enjoy society and all sorts of fun, are probably tasty and trim in dress, have strong love of home, sweet temper and tendency to domestic life. Your writing is not quite developed; etc.

**KARLENA**—I. I don't want to read a word about disagreeable people. Somehow they don't seem to nourish me, but I am sure if I had time I should enjoy that book you mentioned. It was rather hard on you to have neither love nor courtesy to take out subjects for your epistle. You did very well without them. 2. Your writing is eloquent but not attractive. It shows lack of the ingratiating traits which attract affection, and an impatience with life as it is. Don't you feel yourself sometimes a little weary? You are, however, neither taciturn nor uncompanionable, but have a decidedly warm corner in the hearts of those who know you.

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know you best. I don't think you have ever properly studied yourself and it is quite worth your while, for there is much force and capacity shown, and you are conscientious and careful in details of work. I cannot help liking you, because I can see below the surface, but if you were to take some pains and show your best traits others would do likewise. A thorough honesty and a tendency to tell plain truths are indicated.

## Strange, but True

The child that cannot digest milk can digest Cod-liver Oil as it is prepared in Scott's Emulsion. Careful scientific tests have proven it to be more easily digested than milk, butter, or any other fat. That is the reason why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anæmic persons grow fleshy so rapidly on Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites when their ordinary food does not nourish them.  
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"When lovely women stoops to folly," sings the poet, dire and distressing are the consequences.

A man's stock in trade, with which to begin life, is his energy, honesty of purpose and persevering spirit; a woman possesses all of these natural inheritances and—her looks.

The latter is apt to be either her strong card or a heavy "handicap." If fate had dealt generously with her, then it is absolutely incumbent on her to guard her charms of form and face with selfish tenacity.

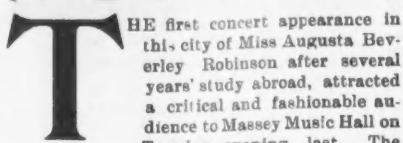
To say of a woman that "she is as ugly as sin," is a most terrible sentence, but we hear it frequently.

Nature, of course, cannot be improved upon, but Nature's perfect work can be preserved from impairment.

Special reference is had to the various forms of Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters, Black-heads, Freckles, Redness, Ulcers, Eczema, &c., that mar or ruin the beauty of so many women, traceable in the majority of cases to Impure Blood.

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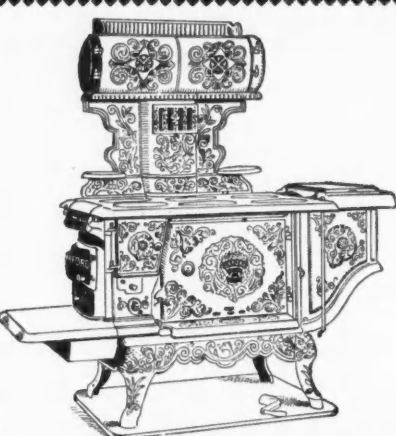
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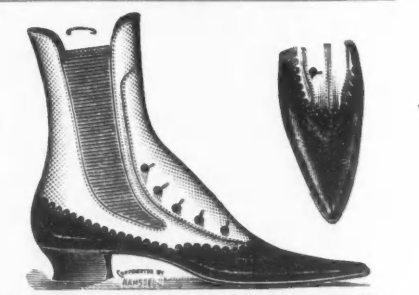
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### PHOTOGRAPHERS.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE  
PHOTOGRAPHER

HAS OPENED A NEW GALLERY AT  
203 YONGE STREET



W. L. Wallace, 110 Yonge St.

Is selling Men's Tan Boots (Goodyear Welt) Scotch Welt, for  
\$5.00, worth \$8.00  
Have you seen the Tan Boot with Rubber Sole, wide and  
narrow toe, made of BEST Calf, manufactured by Walter  
Oakley, Chicago?

Give Your Feet a Beautiful Shape

We have spent a lifetime in the shoe  
business and can fit you with a bc. or  
shoe that you will enjoy wear-  
ing as it lasts  
Try a pair of our Goodyear  
Welted Boots, solid comfort,  
smooth insole. All the new-  
est styles at very reasonable  
prices.

H. & C. Blachford  
83 to 85  
King Street, E.

For Society Events

And the Gaiety Season  
Now Opening

REMEMBER...  
We have just to hand all the lead-  
ing fashionable colors in Dress Slip-  
pers, surpassing anything ever  
shown in this city. "Highest class  
goods a specialty." See our win-  
dow display. All goods strictly as  
represented. Prices reasonable.

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd., 79 King Street East

To the Electors Ward No. 2

I have been asked by my friends in Ward No. 2 to offer  
myself for election as Alderman for 1906. As I have leisure  
and previous experience I have decided to stand, and,  
therefore, respectfully solicit your votes at the next Mun-  
icipal Election. G. F. FRANKLAND, Cable Exporter.

## Christmas Rugs

Precious few things that afford as much continuous pleasure and comfort, or in which real  
beauty and utility are so effectively combined, as a rug. And fewer things still which would  
be more acceptable as Christmas Gifts. There are hundreds of new patterns here of any  
size and style of rug you may desire, and we are retailing them all at less than retailers' prices.

CARPETS, CURTAINS  
DRAPINGS  
OILCLOTHS  
LINOLEUMS  
SHADES, RUGS

## FOSTER, PENDER & CO.

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SEND IT TO ABSENT FRIENDS. THEY WILL PRIZE IT.

## TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

POPULAR PRICES ALWAYS

3 MATINEES EVERY WEEK  
Tuesday - Thursday - Saturday

NEXT WEEK DEC. 2nd to 7th

THE MARVELOUS ELECTRICAL DRAMA

### "Shaft No. 2"



The Most Perfect, Picturesque and Elaborate Production of Melo-drama Extant.

Interpreted by a Meritorious Company

HEADED BY

Frank Losee AND  
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### Just Like This

A number of Second-hand Pianos, taken in exchange, that we must sell quickly, for we need all warehouse space for the product of our own factory.

A Thiborg Piano, was \$450, for.....\$200  
A J. P. Hale Piano, was \$475, for.....175  
A Mozart Piano, was \$450, for.....175  
A Chickering Piano, was \$700, for.....200

And thus with others if you're quick.

**HEINTZMAN & CO.**  
117 King St. West, Toronto

### SEAL SKIN JACKETS

Fashionable style, large sleeves, revers, high collar, best satin lining, etc., at

**\$200<sup>00</sup>**

**J. & J. LUGSDIN**  
Manufacturing Furriers  
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO

### Ladies' Mantles

Ladies' Mantles, best fitting and most stylish jackets in Canada, latest Paris and New York styles, ready-made or made to order. No extra charge for extra sizes. Elegant jackets, gored or mandolin sleeves, new ripple back, in all kinds of cloth, from \$7.50 to \$15.00. Beautiful Cape, full ripple, quilted or fur-lined, trimmed with Thibet or Sable fur, from \$13.00 to \$25.00, also handsome Velour Capes, fur-lined, from \$25.00 to \$50.00. A full line of Fur Coats, Capes and Ladies' Muffs and Ruffs, very suitable for presents, at moderate prices, at R. Wolfe's, the leading Mantle Manufacturer and Ladies' Furrier of Canada.

P. S.—A big reduction from now till Christmas on all of our goods.

**R. WOLFE**  
107 Yonge Street, Toronto

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CAN ONLY BE ATTAINED WHEN

### SAFFORD PATENT RADIATORS

ARE USED

They are made without bolts, packing or washers, consequently cannot leak.



222 SIZES.

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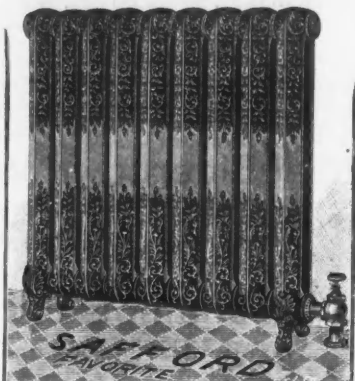
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The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



See those NEWEST JACKETS (shape as above)—Cheviot, Frieze and Beaver cloths. Nobbiest Sleeves, Velvet Collar, Ripple Back, \$5.75, \$8 and \$10.

### Ladies' Fur-Lined Capes

Full wheel shape, with Kauluga, Squirrel and Musk Rat lining, trimmed with Opposum, Thibet, Fox, &c., \$15, \$17.50, \$20, \$25, \$28.50.

### R. WALKER & SONS

33 to 43 KING ST. EAST

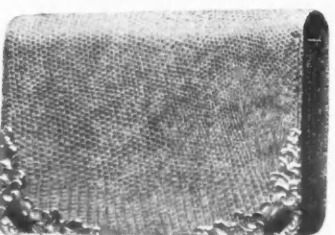
"A LADY once remarked to me," said Emerson, "that to be well dressed gave one a sense of inward tranquility that religion itself can hardly supply."

Don't let your religion be of the "clothes" sort, yet there is something in having the outer tabernacle properly thatched."

### Ladies Who Want to Dress Well

Can always find with us the very latest up-to-date styles of

JACKETS, COATS, CAPES AND WRAPS  
AT THE MOST MODERATE PRICES



### PURSES..

ALL LEATHERS  
ALL PATTERNS  
ALL QUALITIES

### H. E. CLARKE & Co.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., of Toronto, Ltd.

### Trunks, Bags and Fine Leather Goods

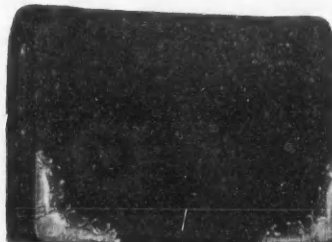
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WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

LEATHER

ADVERTISING

NOVELTIES



**TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.**  
Subscribed Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid up Capital.....600,000  
FOUR PER CENT Interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.  
F. W. SCOTT, Secretary,  
10 King Street West

**MR. AND MRS. G. H. OZBURN**

TEACHERS OF THE  
Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo.  
Also Leader of the Ozburn Guitar and Mandolin Club.  
Open for concert engagements. 349 Huron Street.  
Or Metropolitan College of Music.

### Exquisite Christmas Gifts

DIAMOND SUNBURSTS  
PEARL PENDANTS  
DIAMOND RINGS  
SCARF PINS  
DIAMOND SET WATCHES  
GOLD AND SILVER MOUNTED UMBRELLAS  
CANES  
STERLING SILVER MANICURE SETS

Almost everything in Diamonds, Jewellery and Art Goods.

Write for "Christmas Thoughts," Contains Suggestions for "Holiday Gifts."

### KENTS'

144 Yonge St.

### Moorish Grilles

In turned, twisted and carved work. Some new and beautiful designs.

**W. H. ELLIOTT**  
40 KING STREET EAST

### Wire Back Easy Chairs



Only **\$15<sup>00</sup>**

... Each  
Good Value at \$22

Nice'y upholstered in Fush, Spring Arms, Back and Seat, very handsome, none more comfortable. It would make a nice Christmas Gift. We also have many other suitable articles.

BUY NOW BUY NOW

**J. & J. L. O'Malley**

160 Queen West | 434 Yonge Street

### CHINA HALL

49 KING ST. EAST

Cut Glass Vases

50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 each

Cut Glass Salts, Peppers & Mustards

25c, 50c and 75c each

Cut Glass Syrups (plated top)

\$1.50 each

Cut Glass Sugar Sifters

\$1.00 each

### JOSEPH IRVING

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

CHRISTIE—Nov. 18, Mrs. R. Christie—a son.  
MURRAY—Nov. 22, Mrs. Alex. G. Murray—a son.  
DAVIDSON—Nov. 12, Mrs. W. Davidson—a daughter.  
DOWDALL—Nov. 24, Mrs. P. O. Dowdall—a daughter.  
CHANDLER—Nov. 24, Mrs. W. H. Chandler—a son.  
LOCHIE—Nov. 22, Mrs. D. A. Lochie—a son.  
MOWAT—Nov. 22, Mrs. Fred Mowat—a daughter.  
BAKER—Nov. 11, Mrs. T. Y. Baker—a daughter.  
STIDSTON—Nov. 24, Mrs. J. H. Stidston—a son.  
DUFFGRANT—Nov. 13, Mrs. L. Duff Grant—a daughter.  
MILLER—Nov. 20, Mrs. G. A. Miller—a daughter.

#### Marriages.

BERRY—POWLDES—Nov. 20, J. D. Berry to Winnifred Powldes.  
PATTON—McWHIRTER—Nov. 21, G. B. Patton to Mary Jane McWhirter.  
BENNETT—SPONER—Nov. 23, S. C. Bennett to Ida A. Spooner.  
WHITE—ALLEN—Nov. 18, Francis T. White to Amy E. Allen.  
AUBIN—HILLARY—Nov. 20, Alfred L. Aubin to Annie Hillary.  
MACOUN—KERR—Nov. 19, Fred J. Macoun to Mrs. Grace Austin Kerr.  
KEKE—HADDEN—Nov. 21, James Kerr to Annie Heath Hadden.  
WELLS—BROWN—Nov. 16, G. Marshall Wells to E. Florence Brown.  
LITTLE—MOORE—Nov. 21, John C. Little to Irene Moore.  
VANHAM—ARMSTRONG—Nov. 20, John VanHam to Eleanor A. Armstrong.

#### Deaths.

PALMER—Dublin, Nov. 4, Catharine Palmer, aged 72.  
PORT—Nov. —, Sarah Jane Port, aged 67.  
SCARLETT—Nov. 2, Edward Scarlett.  
LANGTON—Nov. 21, Louisa Langton.  
SIM—Nov. 22, Laura Beatrice Sims, nee Chawth, aged 50.  
SPRINGER—Nov. 25, Lewis Springer, M.D., aged 50.  
STEPHENS—Owen Sound, Alexander M. Stephens, aged 67.  
KEYES—St. Rita, Nov. 24, Thomas Keyes, aged 71.  
MINTY—Nov. 24, Rebecca Jane Minty.

### DR. G. L. BALL

DENTIST  
Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 5138. Hours, 9-5.  
Residence, 84 Bedford Road. Tel. 4007. Hours, 8-10 p.m.

### COAL - COAL - COAL

LOWEST MARKET PRICES

**P. BURNS & CO.**  
38 KING STREET EAST. 'PHONE 131

## McKENDRY'S

### Millinery Specials

We are doing probably the largest Millinery business in Canada. The finest goods at the lowest prices are what the people want.

### Holiday Goods

Coming in are calling for room, and they must get it.

Here's the way we make space:

### Millinery Department

The newest shapes in Silk Beaver Sailor, worth \$1.50, for 25c.

Knitted Wool Tams, 39c.

Satin finished Flop Hats, all colors, 75c, for 47c.

Table of Children's Hats, newest shapes, 15c.

Colored Roses, velvet and silk plush, 25c.

Several colors Chenille Trimming, worth 40c, for 10c yard.

### Ladies and Children's Boot and Shoe Department

Ladies' Amazon Kid Lace Boots, imitation Blucher, patent leather facings and tips, pointed toes, American make, \$3.50.

Ladies' Vici Kid Button Boots, welt sewn, pointed toes, patent tips, \$2.25.

Ladies' Black Felt 10-button Overgaiters, 50c.

Ladies' White Kid one-strap Slippers, \$1.50.

Ladies' one-strap Slippers in white and pink.

ALWAYS BUSY

**McKENDRY & Co.**  
202, 204, 206, 208  
Yonge St.  
TORONTO

### BACK

TO THE OLD TIME

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

WEEKLY

TOURIST CAR

TO THE

PACIFIC COAST

Will leave Toronto at 12.20 noon

EVERY FRIDAY